

CAVALCADE

DECEMBER, 1953

1/6



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They trade their wives —page 46

How you can live longer —page 48



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THE ALL-PURPOSE CONT

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Table 3

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What are the chances of a woman having a phallic hair? Read "Tapping on Chance on Twine" in next month's *Cosmo*! (In the author's office of Domesticity, Newby, Indiana, America.)

Men With The Monkeys is the title "Colleen Connors Thru" is the story, written by Spencer Lanning, of an African wife which happens doubly strange. "She Made Her Chance Pop" tells of a girl who married a horse and became the main theme of a Dicks-on-the-southside. Amy Marshall writes of "Taphans in Film," while five more famous articles and three about stories, most including "The Good and Beautiful" by Thomas and Susan Brown. Movies and the pin ups make *Cosmo* a

With horns protruding from their foreheads, these men were feared

Devil in the Flesh



IN the olden days people born with horns attached to their bodies—or people who developed them in later years—were looked upon with fear. It was believed that the person possessing horns also had supernatural powers—that the poor wretch was, in fact, a diabolical being. Curious talesmen of men and women lived a life of horror, feared from the moment of their birth to a life of terror and mockery by their fellow men.

The tragedy is that many people are born with horns. One doctor estimates that one person out of every thousand comes into this world with this deformity. There are even many instances on record of humans who shed their horns periodically, just as do certain mammals.

Until fairly recently, reports of such persons—"manotriders" and "homoaristiles" as they were given.

WALTER REYNOLDS

as the devil incarnate. Such men are born to-day, but science helps them now.

ally described—were quite frequent. Today, however, they catch public attention only rarely. If a horned child is born, the horn is often removed without the parents ever knowing of the fact. Horns that develop in later life are also treated with great success by competent medical men.

Horns generally occur in persons who otherwise present no abnormality. They may represent an attempt—in some instances, at least—by the body to dispose of excessive accumulations of keratin—which the pores and perspiratory tubes are unable to discharge—and other available avenues) exit. These horns are in many respects indistinguishable from the horns of animals.

They are of the same chemical structure (keratin, calcium phosphate and mineral salts). Often they contain a core of true bone. When burned, they give forth an odour identical with that of animal horn or hoof; whereas are also of bone.

They are sensitive to pain, and may be seen off without giving the wearer any discomfort. Often, however, if they are struck or scratched, pain will be felt in the skin and flesh adjacent to the base of the horn—which is also true of horned animals.

Horned people are often exceptional. There is considerable evidence that persons possessing remarkable development of the individual ridges of the maxillary bone—the bony structure above the eyes—are often gifted in such mental attributes as meditation, concentration and imagination. Many horned persons possess such bone structures in the lower forehead.

In 1884, for example, the medical writer Johannes Hübner, wrote in considerable detail of a Benedictine monk who "had a pair of horns and was addicted to ruminations." In 1911, the great German physician, Dr. P. C. Faberius, reported the case of a father—who possessed horns—and his son—who had no horns, both of whom, however, were of exceptional intelligence. The son firmly believed that he had inherited the mentality—though not the horns—from his father, and that his father would not have been so brilliant had he lacked the horns.

Curiously enough, a tribe of "horned men" with honey-tower forehead bone structure was recently discovered in Central Africa, and created quite a sensation in anthropological circles. It was first reported that these people manufactured their horns by artificial means, as is common among some aboriginal tribes, particularly in connection with religious rites. But according to the British physician and anthropologist Dr. J. Lampsony, who worked on this tribe in the British Medical Journal and elsewhere, the horns were hereditary, true horns, while the tribes had no other modifications and was singularly free from psychic disturbances.

Until fairly recent years, records of horned persons were published in the medical journals with considerable frequency. Thus in the *Medico-Chirurgica Transactio* (London), Dr. E. Wilson reported on thirty cases, of which forty-four were female, thirty-nine were male, while the sex of the remaining seven were not noted.

In forty-eight of these cases—more

then half — the horns were on the upper fore-skull, just as occurs in normally horned animals. But there was a considerable number of instances of misplacement; eight persons had horns on the face or nose, and the remainder on other parts of the body, such as the trunk, limbs, and even the feet.

Writing in the *Harvard Medical Journal*, Sept. 1910, Dr. P. Bojan described a perfectly shaped "horn horn" that he removed from the left side of the skull—just above the ear—of a forty-year-old woman. It was about eight inches long, two inches broad at the base, and one and one-half inches broad at the tip. It curved "upward and forward" in the horn-like fashion.

In the same year, the well-known French surgeon, Dr. Vidal, speaking before the *Académie de Médecine*, exhibited a spiral horn ten inches long he had removed from the upper left fore-skull of a woman patient. In her case, a second horn immediately started to grow in the same place from which removal had been made.

Some human horns grew to enormous size. In the famous Waxman Museum in Paris is a wax model of an eight-inch horn of greyish-brown colour that was removed from the forehead of an elderly woman by the famous surgeon, Dr. Scherbkow. The *American Journal of Medical Science* (Philadelphia, 1887) carried an account of the removal of a horn ten inches long from the forehead of another elderly woman. Prof. C. Gregory has reported a horn almost eight inches long that was removed from the forehead of an Edinburgh woman.

Horns have been removed from just about every area of the human body. In 1898, the *British Medical Journal*

described the removal of a "horn" born from a man's back. The *British Medical and Surgical Journal* carries an account by Dr. Mallet of the removal of two horns from one person—one horn being on the lower lip and one on the neck. The *Paris Hospital de la Charité* has reported removal of bull-like horns four inches long from the fingers and nose of a baby boy.

In some cases, a horn that is single at the base is multiple at the top. In the *New York Medicolegal and Forensic Journal* Dr. Vayns describes removal of a three-pronged horn from the forehead of an elderly woman.

Perhaps the most bizarre instance is the case of Paul Rodriguez, a Mexican, who had a horn fourteen inches in circumference at the base and divided into three shafts, growing from the left side of his fore-skull. This horn was not removed; Rodriguez chose to conceal it by wearing a specially designed and shaped red cap.

Perhaps the most distressing—if not physically painful—of human horns are those cases where multiplicity is extreme. Sometimes one person grows horns by the dozen. One famous drunk was Annie Jackson, of Waterford, Ireland, who had horns on her joints, ears, nipples, nose, and forehead.

A pair of hornless-Frankenskins by the name of Lambert — were completely covered with horns with the exception of their face, palms, and the sides of their feet. Both their father and grandfather also had multiple horns—an amazing instance of heredity of this malformation.

Instances of horns that were periodically shed or "cut off" have been reported. The Lambert brothers, for example, regularly shed all their

horns each spring and autumn, but growth was so rapid that they also shed the horns off when they became long enough to be annoying.

An Englishwoman named Mary Charter, when about twenty years of age, began to develop a pair of horns, one on each side of her forehead. In about four years, they reached a length of several inches, after which they loosened and "dropped off." Frequently another pair started to grow, but in four years they too were cast. This process continued throughout her life.

There is an excellent portrait of Mary Charter with horns of four years' growth in the Anatomical Collection at Oxford University.

There is some evidence that certain human horn-like calluses and cancer—are a reaction to irritation over long periods of time. In 1881, the *Richmond and Lancaster Medical Journal* carried an account of the nose of a man certain, whose face had been exposed to the weather over a period of many years.

Small warts first appeared on his mouth and on both cheeks. They grew and became hornlike, while the affliction spread until they covered his entire face. After about four years, the two largest horns ulcerated and fell off, but new horny growth commenced to grow in their place.

Human horns have been removed by non-medical persons in many ways. An Englishman "broke them off," the *Lancet* brethren "sawed them off."

Obviously, even one of these horns has started to develop, amputation or removal is a matter that should be undertaken by a competent doctor, never by a layman.

Human horns have been reported in all ages since earliest antiquity.

There is evidence that some are efforts of the body to dispose of un-needed substances in places where such substances can cause no harm to the system, the fact that horns are far more prevalent on elderly than on young persons likewise persons have less active digestive and excretory systems and are prone to such depository ailments as arthritis, hardening of the arteries, and so on is proof of that. To such persons, horns are a blessing in disguise.

More repulsive is the fact that horns, in some families and tribes, are hereditary. Do they represent a true variation—an effort by Nature to establish a horned human species?

Finally, why do some people shed or "moul" their horns at regular intervals? That is a question that would lead almost any anthropologist to tear his hair in desperation. For the answer appears to be completely unobtainable at this time.

At any rate, we do have horned people, plenty of them. And they are not harmed by the Devil, that's one comfort. In fact, the development of horns may be a sign of superior intelligence, after all.

Horns are irreducible to gold and may be easily removed without discomfort.





MURDER in

a RICKSHAW

Having found the motive,
police brought in
the killer of the doctor.

PETER HADGRAVES

She, having recently married one of
her pupils.

Soon after graduation from medical school in the States 12 years before, Susan Waddell had sailed for China to dedicate her life to the endless fight there against pestilence, poverty and disease.

She accepted a teaching post at the university to pass on her medical knowledge, and found happiness both in her work and with her handsome, content young husband, who after his graduation worked as a doctor with the Central Health Administration.

Detective Ling sighed at the prospect of a tough case as he went to interview Dr. Hsu. He did not know a motive for the killing, but he knew it could be any of a dozen, particularly when the victim is a beautiful white girl married to a yellow man—jealousy, revenge, racial hatred.

On the other hand, Dr. Hsu and his wife had, according to all reports, been very happy. They had overcome the barriers of race and age and, united by their common work, their marriage still remained a love match.

Ling asked the Chinese doctor what he knew of his wife's move-

ments the previous day. With courteous formality and, like all Chinese, carefully making his steel, Dr. Hsu said that Susan met him at their flat for lunch and had then returned to her work. That was the last time he saw her alive.

Asked to account for his own movements around six o'clock that evening (which, according to medical reports, was the approximate time of death) the young Chinese said he left his own work exactly at six. He walked home part of the way with a friend, arriving there about 6:30.

When his wife did not come home, he grew alarmed and began telephoning friends. Later he reported her disappearance to the police and spent most of the night searching the city for her.

Detective Ling next visited the University to trace Susan Waddell Hsu's movements. He was told she had left on usual about 5:30.

"How did she leave?" Ling asked, but no one recalled seeing her actual departure. She could have been on foot, taken a rickshaw or accepted a lift from a friend in a car. She used all these three means of getting home on different occasions.

At the end of a day of continuous enquiry, the detective had made no progress. He still had no witnesses.



DUSK was descending over Nan-kang on the evening of October 14, 1935. On a deserted road near the great mausoleum of Sun-Yi-sen, a rickshaw glided along behind the pulsating foot of its Chinese hauler.

Sitting inside was a young and pretty white woman, Dr. Susan Waddell Hsu, returning from her day's work at the city's university.

Suddenly the rickshaw stopped with a jerk. Its passenger sat up and peered into the pulsating gloom. She called out sharply in Chinese as to why they had halted.

The driver did not answer, but stepped out of the shaft and came towards her. The woman's blood froze. A corpse was rising at her throat, but she never uttered a because strong hands had reached out and clamped around her windpipe.

The following morning, a coffin named Lee Fung, trailing along the road, drew a strange-looking bundle lying in a ditch in an adjoining field. Hoofed of a windfall, he pushed his way through the undergrowth, starting the road and investigated at closer quarters.

What he saw caused him to gasp with fright, plant like a windmill and

sprint off in the direction of the nearest police office. There he hurried out that a young American (American?) lay dead by the road.

Local police accompanied Lee Fung back to the spot and, after verifying that the woman had been murdered and was thus beyond human aid, called detectives from the Nan-kang Headquarters to conduct the investigation.

Ling Po-Chang, senior officer of the Headquarters, took charge. To his astonishment once it was obvious that the woman had not been killed in the field. A trail of broken brush and trampled weeds indicated that she had been dragged there from the road.

Beyond that the killer had left no clues. The victim had not been originally strangled and there were no signs of a struggle. She could have been slain on the road, or in some Nan-kang house and only brought to the lonely spot for disposal of the body.

Identification was not difficult. The former Susan Waddell was well-known in Nan-kang as an American doctor teaching at the university. In private life she was Mrs. Hsu. She

an evidence to a brutal, shocking murder for which the Amoyese count would soon be demanded to see a culprit under lock and key.

Long discussed the case with his assistant, Yuen Kuo. The more they considered the mysterious personal life of the dead woman, the more they became convinced they would have to look elsewhere for a motive.

She had no enemies, neither among the white population nor the Chinese. Most of the latter who knew her welcomed her for the work she was doing.

Experienced in the ways of poverty-stricken China, Long believed that robbery was the real motive for the murder. He telephoned Dr. Hsu and was informed that his wife would be carrying about 300 dollars in her purse. She had just received her monthly salary.

No purse or money had been found with the body. The answer was not long, but to a noble, a vagrant or a rickshaw puller it would be a fortune.

As soon as he thought of a rickshaw puller, Long knew he was on the right track. Only a rickshaw boy would have an opportunity to be alone with the woman at 4:30. It was unlikely that, as she was carrying the money, she would risk walking home alone.

A squad of men under Yuen Kuo, Long's assistant, was sent out the next day on the new lead. It was not possible to check on all the city's 3,000 rickshaw pullers, so Long instructed them to move around among them to see if anyone had suddenly started to spend money lavishly.

For a fortnight the search went on. Countless reports on suspicious rickshaw men came in, and all had to be investigated. Here was a man

who had bought a new pair of sandals; another was known to have paid two visits in the one week to a flimsy house of ill-repute, a third openly boasted that he had come clean and possessed chemicals.

One by one the suspects were investigated. All, however, were able to prove that they had legitimately acquired the money for the purchase.

More weeks passed, and then the owner of a noodle shop in the Panshan district recalled to one of the detectives that a rickshaw puller had not long ago entertained two friends to a lunch dinner. The man's name, and the restaurant keeper, was Liu Yang-Hung.

When he heard the information and looked up the rickshaw boy named in the police records, Detective Long believed they had found their man.

He read Liu Yang-Hung's card out to Detective Yuen Kuo.

"Twenty-four years old," it stated. "A former soldier. Arrested as a suspect in the murder of Miss Hsu Wu-Chiao, nurse at the Geling College for Women, Hokeien because of insufficient evidence."

"Suspect in the kidnapping of three-year-old son of Li Tien-Yuen at Shao in Kungsu Province, October, 1931. Released because of insufficient evidence."

Yuen Kuo was instructed to bring the slippery rickshaw puller in for questioning. An extensive search, however, failed to locate him. He had vanished from his usual haunts on October 18, four days after the murder.

The two detectives kept on the trail and in succeeding weeks followed the wanted rickshaw boy in Tientsin, Tientsin, Shanghai, and half a dozen other small towns. Always they were just too late to round

him up before he moved on again.

Finally, at Hihing, where Liu was born, they had better luck, and spotted him on the street. Mindful of Long's instructions to obtain more evidence if possible, they decided to go to trap him into an unwitting confession.

Dressed in the tattered clothes of vagrants, they struck up an acquaintance with the unsuspecting Liu. In a few days they were friendly enough to join him at meals in a small, disreputable tea-house.

One night when his luck was out and his two companions had won a considerable sum from him, Liu picked up the cards on a table and threw them on the floor.

"Bad luck!" he growled. "Always bad luck! Once not long ago I had plenty of dollars. But of the cards go on tonight and this I will have to return in Hanking and pull a rickshaw once more."

"Oh, you worked in Hanking?" asked one of the detectives.

His eager tone evidently aroused Liu's suspicion. He looked sharply at the two men, mumbled a good-night and left hurriedly.

Fearful of losing their quarry, the two detectives rushed him to his lodging house and took up a position outside. Their center was flustered before dawn the following morning, the former rickshaw boy emerged and set off in the direction of the railway station.

Further deception was useless, so the two detectives came out from the shadows and pounced on him. "Liu Yang-Hung," one of them exclaimed, "you are under arrest for the murder of a foreign woman in Hanking."

His denials were futile, when a

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

The priest read the preliminary words
About cryptic "showing
just cause".
But the customary passage
went unheard,
As the couple smiled, in
the pause.
But, as they stood and faced
the altar,
Seemingly to be good and
true,
The bride panicked, and was
seen to falter—
Should she say, "I will,"
"I have" or "I do?"

—RAY-JAY

search disclosed in his money belt a ticket from a Hanking pawnshop for a ring and a watch, which he had stolen from Miss Hsu along with her money.

When these items were recovered and identified by Dr. Hsu, the case against the rickshaw boy was complete. Confronted with the evidence, he confessed to the crime.

He and the woman hired him to drive her home. On the way she stopped to buy some fruit, and he saw that her purse was filled with money. Deciding on robbery, he stopped the rickshaw on a dark stretch of road.

Liu held out two huge, spade-like hands. "With these," he said, "I clutched her throat. She made no sound and struggled only for an instant. When she was still, I lifted her out and dragged her off the road."

The trial of the rickshaw boy was short. On May 7, 1933, he paid for his crime by losing a firing squad.



The Laughing

SHE WAS LOVELY IN THE LAGOON.

amongst the weeds. A little while now and she would be forced to the surface to breathe.

The school of silvery fish swam lazily above her. They swarmed across the centre of the pool and rose suddenly toward its surface. Now! In the same instant as she shot up from the weeds the net broke the surface of the water and sank in a wide circle.

Tobacena's head burst above the water with the net draped over it like a veil. The bobbing head and the wild, roiling laughter startled the young fisherman, Marito. For a moment as that dark form shot up from the depths he thought that a shark had swept up to nibble his catch. Instead here was the mischievous Tobacena, the girl of his dreams and the flame of his desire, scrambling around like a sea-soldier and completely ruining his fishing.

The laughing girl had already swam half the length of the pool before he decided that there was too much to be made of this. He plunged into the water and gave chase. His powerful kicking arms and driving legs carried him across the pool in a matter of seconds. Yet to his chagrin he saw that he had struck little if anything at all on his quarry.

She scrambled out of the water on to the coral-encrusted rocks, picked her way across them and fled like

Nymph

MICHAEL GRAHAM

FICTION

BUT SHE SWAM TO AROUSE MARITO'S ANGER, WHEN SHE REALLY WISHED TO PROVOKE HIS LOVE.

the wind along the beach, his precious net trailing behind her. As he drew himself out of the pool, her merriment laughter carried to him across the water.

Oh, this would be a fine tale for the women over their cooking fires. Tobacena had made off with the bold Marito's net right under his very nose. The young girls would cover their mouths as he passed and gape, the old boys would grin toothlessly, the men would wink and nod at each other.

Anger burned hotly in him—and desire. How he wished to hold this proud beauty in his arms and feast his lust as he had seen Tobia, the reprobate, feast his roughly children. . . . Just her with his hands amid her fish was past with the smart and humiliation. Subsidies must come first and love later.

Under the burden of the net Tobacena's pace was slackening. Marito heartened his stride. He had to overtake her before she reached her canoe and downed the pearls she had just stolen on entering the water. As she ran before him now, a naked child, he felt he could chastise her. As a woman he would be too ashamed to strike her.

But the girl didn't hesitate. She bundled the net ahead, flung herself on the canoe and aimed it out into the surf. Marito dashed after her in a final desperate bid to catch

the little craft before it was beyond the breakers. He was too late. Tobacena had reached the open water.

Marito turned back to the beach, heavy with the heart and hanging inside him. Tobacena's canoe was now well out in the bay. As she turned and waved her red pearls at him meaningly two things happened simultaneously: the canoe sank beneath her and the bigger rounded the point.

Realizing that it was futile to struggle alone with the waterlogged canoe, Tobacena abandoned it and started back for the beach. Marito called confidently. The middle-aged little beauty would not escape him after all. Then he noticed with a sudden drag at his heart that the white-winged boat had changed course and was heading down on him.

Suspicion twisted its back to him. Violence alone and blood! It was always so with these ships that came and went. But did they dare to steal a woman here on Marito's Point? A thousand men would feast their eyes on the canoe, cut out their hearts and feed them to the fish . . .

Then into the corner of his eye leapt the sinister black fin that sped like an arrow straight for his Tobacena. He screamed her name so that the girls rose on shore and he passed to the god of all the waters that the ship should reach her first.

Then he saw the white man at the bow and heard the rifle roaring. The black he twisted and vanished. The bigger made about slowly and many eager heads were reaching down to left Tahyena stood. The ship moved across the bay until it lay in the lee of the opposite point. There came the rattle of shot, the splashing of the anchor, excited voices and, he fancied, the same merry peal of laughter he had heard from the creature who had broken through his net.

Marius could not sleep that night. Tahyena had not returned.

The following morning the stranger came to the village to trade. Tahyena regarded Marius laughingly, strutting provocatively under his very nose as her new fancy . . . a gaily patterned tablecloth and a large white comb.

The skipper of "The Venture" knew what he was doing. This crafty little settler was a prize he was not going to miss. He planted a hungry consciousness upon the girl's shoulder.

Marius noted his money well . . . the fair skin, and the stranger's yellow of his hair which looked more golden than the others. His shirt

the women wore in their ceremonial dances, the swaggering gait and bellowing tone. This was his man. If he must, he would kill him.

For the first time in months Marius found himself alone. Until now wherever he went he knew Tahyena was not far off, watching him . . . sometimes secretly, but more often openly teasing him . . . a tantalizing torment when he would have claimed as his own at the next marriage festival. Now he realized how great was his desire for her. Tomorrow perhaps these men would sail away and she would be here again laughing him.

He found her that afternoon by the pool . . . their pool. She was drinking herself for the benefit of the white stranger, diving for the shiny bottles which he threw into the water. She held them up to him laughing, challenging. Unconscious of his surroundings the man waded clumsily into the water and swam after her.

No one could take Tahyena from him, particularly a white man, who had no love for her—only lust, a man who would use Tahyena's innocence in the ways of the white man, then, when he had tired of her, sell her to another. The lovely Tahyena—the girl he wanted as a wife—would be sold and gone from his forever. That must not happen. And there was no bargaining with the white man; there could be only one way—he would have to die.

But behind him Marius's avowed determination. This man must die! But how? A spear? A knife? They were too quick . . . better the slow burning spray that would burn the lust of life from the body and carry the spirit into the night!

He hunted the reef as long as there

was light to see and, as the stars faded, he began again, relighting his torch in the trying pool close by the beach. A dozen, twenty times, he travelled back and forth with his hideous lantern.

It was a ghastly thing that the distraught Tahyena dreamed from the pool the next afternoon. The white man's fiendish screams brought the whole village running. At last he stopped and even those blood-poor, cruel and savage, turned to suffering and violent death in so many terrible forms, showed from the shadows, bleated horror that whitened on the sand and grew suddenly purple in death.

Marius was watching his fishing spears that night by the fire when Tahyena came to him. She stood there just at the edge of the shadows. Though his heart beat wildly he ignored her until his tank was complete. Then he rose, stepped around the fire and stared down at her.

He lifted one of the spears and placed its needle point against her breast. A thin trickle of blood glistened on her dark skin, her eyes widened in fear, but she did not move.

Like a striking snake he snatched at the gift stuck in her hair and threw it upon the coals where it hissed and sizzled like a thing alive and tortured. Then his strong fingers tore the new pareo from her hips and tossed it into the flames.

Without a further word or sign he left her. Subhuman first and love, maybe later. A blood-red moon hovered over the trying pool by the beach. A heaven of delight had become a harbor of death, a place screamed, where lurking stone-fish struck like venomous lightning.



"Keep calm, lady! Keep calm! I'll rescue you!"

Crime Capsules

34

DOUBLE DEALING

In 1935, in California, nine-year-old Walter Collins went for a walk and disappeared. Five months later, a former neighbor of the boy discovered another boy in Illinois, who was as much like Walter that she coached him in Walter's habits, taught him the facts of Walter's life and took him to Mrs. Collins, claiming that she had found Walter. Everyone was happy and the case was closed, but Mrs. Collins had her doubts. She measured the boy and found he was shorter than her son. Also this had had a couple of old scars on his body which Walter did not have. She reported the matter to the authorities, but she was regarded as a nuisance and committed to an asylum. However, within a week, the Yale newspaper condemned, and Mrs. Collins was released. She sued the authorities and was granted \$5,000 dollars. But Walter never returned.

DUMB DORAS

In 1931, in Maryville, Missouri, a mob robbed the murderer of a school teacher and decided to hang him. As they prepared the rope, someone suggested it would be fitting if the hanging took place at the school. So off they trotted. Upon arrival, someone else suggested that the best

thing to do would be to burn the murderer on the top of the school building. The lynchmen poured petrol over the building, placed the criminal on top of the roof and set the school ablaze. After the building was burned down, they suddenly realized that they no longer had a school. Were they annoyed?

FEMALE PATIENCE

In New York last year a policewoman was put on the job of catching a dope peddler with the goods on him. Using various deceptions over a period of 30 weeks, she finally saw him without the dope. On her arm was a bag of groceries and in that bag was a condom. She took many photographs and then arrested the peddler. Women, apart from having patience, also can be brave in the face of danger. Another policewoman walked past a store in New York and saw a crowd in a panic leaving the store in a hurry. She walked in and took in the scene. A madman was holding a revolver in his hand while he stood wildly around for someone to shoot. The policewoman drew her revolver, walked up to the lunatic, disarmed him, and took him to the police station.



SUN

There and there are
milling their sunbathing
costumes. When these
days make your own level
money, it's not so
tough to be a
the sun, the sun, and
she is a girl of a
pattern. When the pattern
is light, she is a girl of a
and the pattern. When she
removes the pattern, she is
a girl of a pattern. When
she is a girl of a pattern,
she is a girl of a pattern.

NE

... and flowers



Here's the result, ma. Wearing her new costume, Irish looks back on the rolls of the swimming pool, allowing the sun to warm her body with its warm rays. Irish calls the roll "Playmate" and who would not be a playmate to Irish? Sunshine and Sevens, with Irish in full bloom. What a display of horticulture.



There's nothing like scorching before swimming. It increases the circulation of the blood before taking that cold plunge. Irish is getting the most out of her scorching, while men watch their eyes. Their blood circulation increases, too, from watching her. We think this picture shows Irish in her best form.



"... and think of it, darling! We could have the entire little test-tube boiler!"

HE FOOLED THE WORLD



Peinzenauer came from a strange place with marvelous stories that people paid highly for — and his has raised money.

TALL, good-looking and most seriously concerted, George Peinzenauer was high chieftain of charlatanry at a time when fads, oddities and impostures were the first *delights* of society—and should they have come from some remote, untravelled corner of the globe, all the better.

London groups of 1890 were still dazzled at mention of far-off unexplored continents and islands, and Peinzenauer's claim to have come all the way from experimental Formosa called their hungry politics. They took him to their houses and for forty years Peinzenauer alternately horrified and amused them with invented tales of the island.

As a youth, Peinzenauer began his impostures in a small way. He was employed as a tutor in two small

boys in the south of France, when their mother's advances being too much for his chaste appetite, he decided to return to his home.

He started the journey to Avignon and made a pretentious living on the road by lecturing from passing pilgrims. The little he earned in this manner was soon spent and the shabby young tutor took on the guise of an Irish student of theology.

Dressed in a stolen leather cloak and staff, and discoursing learnedly in Latin, he told a painful tale of persecution and hardship, which immediately drew compassion and assistance.

The success of this masquerade led him to adopt an even more preposterous identity. With a forged passport and the name of Peinzenauer, derived from the biblical

ANGUS HAYWOOD

character. Schimmesser, he proposed to invade the continent as a Japanese convert to Christianity.

His meagre knowledge of the island and a distorted account proved more convincing than he could have imagined. At London he was shipped into prison as a spy, and only regained his freedom by promising not to set foot in the town again.

At Aix la Chapelle he tried the same dodge with torturing confessions. He was shipped up by the owner of a coffee shop who used him as a drawcard for customers.

Disillusioned and on the point of resuming his proper identity, the young adventurer came to Cologne. Here, he enlisted in the standing regiment, but the arduous duties of military did not coincide with his laudatorial nature. He now decided that he was a heathen Japanese and at religious ceremonies conducted his own private services. These consisted of turning his back to the sun and making a show of praying from a book of gibberish that he had invented.

It was at this point of his career that Pashmamer connected the language he claimed to be Japanese, and devoted an alphabet of strange ciphers running from left to right. A next touch was a Japanese calendar and a book of prayers, all the elaborate details of his overworked imagination.

As at Aix was his impetuous challenge, for the world was quite willing to believe, not having ever seen one, that Pashmamer was truly a citizen of Japan. The manner of his coming and other talkish questions were passed off with a number of convincing stories which varied according to circumstances.

At Nijmegen it can be said Pashmamer's career began in deadly earnest.

And before long he was so entangled in his own deceptions there was no way of escape.

His first argument was the shepherd of the Scottish regiment stationed there, one Alexander Innes, who was in the parade-Japanese present a possible field for speculation.

Pashmamer was introduced to the Governor of Sluis, Rogelien Louder, who was immediately impressed by the heathen's bearing and virtuous manner. He committed him to Innes as a suitable tutor, and suggested Pashmamer study with a view to conversion to Christianity.

Innes took Pashmamer under his wing. For his first lesson the shepherd gave Pashmamer a passage in Chinese to translate into Japanese. Appearing perplexed with the first effort, he asked him to do it again. The glaring discrepancies in the two translations proved to Innes that his student was in need of a good manager.

Instead of expiating him as a fowled Innes made a business proposition. If Pashmamer really put his head down and perfected his imaginary language until he was word perfect, there would be a nice little living in it for the two of them. England could be conquered easily with a little help from him, and they would sit in the lap of plenty with every luxury attendant on them.

The project seemed Pashmamer to comprise his self-made studies. There was only one situation in his former past—he was now a Freemason. Some intimation of Japan having fitted in the continent from masonic circles, it was no longer was for Pashmamer to pretend to be a Japanese.

It was as a converted Freemason that Pashmamer and chaplain Innes stayed London in 1793. As Innes

had prophesied, so did it happen—Landscape deluged them with invasions.

Pashmamer was now quite familiar with his new partnership and conducted himself with the aplomb of a much-travelled usurer. He took part in debates on the virtues of converting the natives of Fennoscandia, and accepted people eager to learn his language.

Hailed everywhere as a scholar of extraordinary perception, Pashmamer went to Oxford for lectures in logic, philosophy and divinity.

With Innes watching him, and his public denouncing lay it, the boxer prepared to write a history of Fennoscandia. So little was known of the island, he was told, with Varconian's Description of Japan as one hand, and Combe's Account of the Island of Fennoscandia in the other, to write a geography of surpassing originality.

Published in 1794, Pashmamer's Historical and Geographical Description of Fennoscandia caught the ear of its readers. The author blandly stated that 12,000 children under the age of nine years were annually sacrificed to the supreme god of the island. Secondary gods were appeased with human sacrifices, the bodies of which were eaten by the priests. The slaughtered children were the special property of the priests, who dined on them after marriage.

To keep up the supply of children such men had sex wives and the whole nation was under the cruel and despotic rule of the Emperor Merry-mendacious.

Serpents of exceptional delivery and temperament were bred on the island. One variety was held as an extraordinary sweetmeat, and Pashmamer's grandfather, who lived to the age of 317 years, attributed his longevity



to sippers of serpent's blood, which he drank every morning. Cheerfully, Pashmamer remarked that the good old man would have completed his second century, had they not been forced to kill him. He suffered from violent colic, and he was killed to put him out of pain.

For this incredible story Pashmamer was paid ten guineas, in between translating sentences into Fennoscandia for his abiding hostesses, he earned a second edition, for which he received twelve guineas.

Though it was undoubtedly a best-seller, the book brought the first of the disastrous snappings at the Fennoscandia's heels. In that hour of need Chaplain Innes, who had found himself a lucrative post in Portugal, deserted Pashmamer.

With his country gone, Pashmamer gradually went to pieces. He was challenged by the earnest scientist, Edmund Milley, who wished to know how long the sun shone directly down the chimney in Fennoscandia. Pash-

member replied that the alleged champagne were turned up at the table, as that the man never prohibited them. Indeed, he said, he had never noticed any great difference between night and day in Poznan.

A Chinese missionary recently returned from the East threw down the gauntlet at a public debate, and openly suggested that Putschism was rampant.

Turning to drugs in his hour of misery, and taking as much as twelve kilograms of laudanum per day, Putschism retired from his ungrateful public. In 1947 he caused a public confusion of the monstrous depression he had earned on for more than forty years.

There was little victory, for the English had come to recognize the man as an eccentric and a comedian. He was allowed to go into seclusion

with his books, where he settled to write his memoirs.

In the latter part of his life, now fully converted to religion, he made the travelling of Samuel Johnson, who travelled in Putschism's original conversation.

By 1948, Putschism had sunk to a misery in a country he had conquered so bravely in his youth. His death in that year passed almost unnoticed, and it was not until his memoirs were published posthumously that he was news again.

In the postface the praise of impatience had written of his regret of having perpetuated "the wild and most odious imposture that youth and richness could be guilty of."

Though he claimed to have confessed all, he died as he had lived, anonymously, under the pseudonym of Putschism.



"George, perhaps somebody else would like a drink."

man

with
a

technicolour

nose



W. C. Fields of the bulbous nose, was a drunkard on and off the screen. He was an eccentric without friends.

ALL his life W. C. Fields, the film comedian famous for his frumpy, bulbous nose as big and red as a tomato, professed a violent hatred of children.

Once when making a film with the precocious and popular Baby Leroy, aged two, he suddenly kicked the child halfway across the set, remarking with satisfaction "I guess that will teach the little brat not to steal a scene from me."

Between takes, he would sit around spying the child voraciously and uttering vague and horrible threats. These developed one day into definite action.

While the baby's nurse was absent, Fields surreptitiously poured gin into

the flask of orange juice. When shooting started, the infant had had his worst in everything but sleep.

The director, stars and studio workers clustered around, while the nurse vainly tried to juggle some excitement into the glum-eyed lot.

Fields was openly pouting. "The kid's no trouper," he kept yelling. "I know he was no good. Send him home."

Yet this same intemperate W. C. Fields devoted in his will that the major portion of his nine-million-dollar estate should be used to establish an orphanage.

Fields' miserable life was full of such contradictions. Once his friend, writer Gene Fowler, was badly in-

jured in a car smash. The papers reported he was near to death, and Fields immediately rang the hospital.

"How is he?" he telephonically asked the nurse who answered the telephone.

"We're not sure, Mr. Fields," she answered. "The doctors have told the reporters they think he may be going."

"Is he conscious?" queried the caretaker.

"Yes, I can deliver a message for you."

"Then," boomed Fields' deep-toned voice, "tell the son of a bitch to get up from there and quit faking."

Fields answered and was told by Fields' secretary that the strange, unidentifiable man no longer hung up the receiver after his conversations than he burst into tears. "Poor Gene! Poor Gene's going to die," he kept repeating.

Called "the funniest man in the world," W. C. Fields was known to millions of Americans by his unforgettable portrayals of pompous, alcoholic rhapsodists and wanderers in some of the greatest comedies ever produced, and particularly as Mr. Mumbleton in the screen version of Dickson's "Duck and Cover," which will be remembered as long as the book itself.

His trade leaving his seven trademark, and it earned him a fortune. The same morning brought him his death on Christmas Day, 1936.

Told by doctors he would die if he did not give up alcohol, he pathetically increased his excessive daily consumption by 50 per cent. He aimed to "make him out of there," but instead he killed himself.

Fields was born on April 8, 1883, and his real name was William Claude Fielding. He was the son of a Philadelphia fruit peddler and

ran away from home at the age of 14, after "bending his unsuspecting parent on the head with an empty fruit can."

A life of juvenile delinquency and vagabondage followed. To live he suggested "a variety of felonies" ranging from stealing from the tills of Chinese laundrymen to hiding under saloon counters and grabbing the till of the counterjumper when the barkeep's back was turned.

William Claude, however, soon abandoned vagrancy for show business, starting the career of Fields on his first professional appearance. From boyhood he had been fascinated with juggling, and for years spent 16 hours a day in practice.

The man who was later recognized as the greatest juggler in the world began his routines with his father's apples and oranges and graduated to the use of stolen, brass bells, empty cigar boxes, button studs borrowed from the Y.M.C.A. and anything else he could find or rubish that during his years of wandering.

His first juggling job was on the pier at Atlantic City. He was just 14.

The proprietor praised his juggling ability and charmingly told him: "We've got a great act, my boy."

William Claude agreed with him and believed he had "earned." Then he learned that, for his wages of ten dollars a week, in addition to juggling he had to fill off the end of his pier every hour and peddle he was drowning in alcohol a record.

The prospect of the ten dollars was too tempting to miss and Fields stuck manfully to the job. Twelve times a day he went through the routine of drinking and peddling by the pier's professional life.

At the end of each day he was in a state of collapse. Worse than that was the fact that his co-ordination

was becoming affected and he was too water-logged to juggle.

A fortnight passed and he plucked up courage to inquire timidly about his wages. The proprietor went into a long, significant story had business and strenuously objected to handing over any cash.

"But I've got to pay my room rent," wailed Fields. "At least give me a couple of dollars to quicken the landlady."

"Don't be a fool," answered the proprietor sternly. "If I had two dollars I'd hire an extra drummer."

W. C. Fields always said that his lifelong aversion to water (particularly as a beverage) stemmed from his experiences on the Atlantic City pier. He once told a reporter that since then he had never taken a drink of water. "I didn't need any more," he pointed out. "I had it stayed up, like a camel."

When a visitor to his Hollywood mansion queried why he never used the magnificent swimming pool, the aged man vehemently and most "Medieval," I once drowned 18 times a day for two weeks. Would you like to swim if you'd drowned 188 times?"

More professional engagements followed, and the boy juggler developed into a star of international renown. At 18 he cracked the "big time" of New York vaudeville, and after that he never looked back. World tours followed. One was twice in Australia, and then an engagement for two years with the Ringling Brothers. Finally he went to Hollywood and made a reputation all over again as a straight comedian.

Fields' early hardships developed in him a horror of poverty and a passion for thrift that became notorious in show business. As soon as he began to make money, he started opening bank accounts.

Wherever he went, he would start a new bank account with a big proportion of his weekly pay checks. Eventually he had accumulated more than 500 of them all over the world.

He also had a passion for many queer-sounding aliases (such as Percy E. Whitcomb, Dr. Otto Gump, Mortimer J. Schindler) and dozens of other in business deals. Many of his bank accounts were in such names.

When he died his executors could only locate 38 of the accounts. It seems likely, therefore, that many thousands of dollars of his savings will be unclaimed around the world under these queerest names.

W. C. Fields in one of his favorite roles, as a vaudeviologist.



W. C. Fields' threats and punishment actually made him aware to would-be borrowers.

The producer, Mark Bennett, one evening drove out to his Hollywood home to discuss some comedy ideas for a forthcoming film. When he knocked at the door, a trio of servants appeared and told him that Mr. Fields had gone out.

Returning to his car, Bennett heard nothing in some bushes and investigated.

W. C. Fields was crouching there. He held his forefinger to his lips for silence.

"What are you doing in there?" asked the amazed producer.

"Quiet!" hissed the comedian. "Get

your voice down. I just got word a fellow was coming up here to try to borrow 1,000 dollars from me to start a restaurant. But don't worry, I'll duck him."

The following day Fields appeared as usual at the studio. He was "wearing" dark glasses and a beard so patently false that he would have been arrested as a suspect by any alert policeman.

"How's it going?" asked Bennett sympathetically.

"I've beaten him," said Fields with satisfaction. "I just went right past him on Sunset Boulevard. He didn't know me from Adam. He'll soon give up now."

However, the borrower did not

give up and a few days later he cornered Fields at home. The comedian immediately jumped into bed and went down word that he could not see any visitors. "I'm just beginning a long illness," he lied.

But when W. C. Fields became a serious drinker is not known, but for many years alcohol was the main-spring of his life. His specialty for liquor was a Hollywood legend until he died.

Despite the fact that he himself drank steadily through all his waking hours, he abhorred drunks. The evident signs of intoxication—high speech, unsteady gait and rowdiness—filled him with disgust. The slightest evidence of such in his friends, through their trying to keep up with him in his drinking, resulted in their banishment from his house.

In his traveling days before he went to Hollywood, Fields had three wardrobe trunks. Two of them contained his liquor supply, and the third his packing equipment and clothes. When he dropped packing to become a comedian, he put liquor into the third trunk also.

Fields guarded his liquor "like a man keeping a harbor." As a result he employed a dwarf who, although he was not much of a drinker, was continually suspected by the comedian of stealing the liquor while he was on duty.

When Fields returned to his dressing room, he would make a chalk mark on the floor and make the unfortunate dwarf walk it to prove his sobriety.

Frequently, the number of bottles and the levels in them were checked. Taking a post, Fields would order, "Top shelf," and the stockholder commenced.

"Three full gals, one three-quarter, two full vermouth, one about half,

small bottle of Bitters," the dwarf would intone.

"Right!" Fields would say, checking his list. "Now hand over to my storage levels."

Any suspected shrinkage and the dwarf would be soundly cuffied into near invisibility.

In his busy years, W. C. Fields' "head for alcohol had crystallized into a habit pattern." He started his day with two drinkable mixtures before breakfast, which consisted of a small glass of pineapple juice.

For the rest of the day, stout cocktail shakers of martinis accompanied him wherever he went. At the film station, it was tacitly pretended by everyone that these were filled with pineapple juice.

One afternoon, a practical joker staked across to one of the shakers while Fields was on the set. He poured out the contents and replaced it with genuine pineapple juice.

Fields returned a few minutes later and greedily filled his glass. He took a hearty swig and nearly choked. "What's been pulling pineapple juice in my pineapple juice?" he roared.

W. C. Fields' long career of comedy films ended in 1948 with "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break." As well as acting in it, for which he was paid a princely salary even by Hollywood standards, he wrote the story and for that received an additional \$1,000 dollars. It only took him 20 minutes and was confined on the back of an old grocery bill.

For the rest of his life he settled down to playing himself—one of the strangest comedians in Hollywood.

He had a mania about being kidnapped and lived in dread of gangsters attacking his house at night. For protection he carried a couple of blackjacks and a loaded revolver.



"I want all your employees to know that my door is always open. Now go out through it."



and he invented a potent method of his own to frighten the non-existent intruders away.

Each night the household would be awakened as at the top of the stairs he carried on loud conversations with imaginary bedfellows.

"All right, you steady, Joe, Bill, Murrey?" he would yell. "Let's go down and get 'em then. Take it easy though, I know you boys are better fighters and gamblers, but I'd rather you didn't shoot to kill. Try to get 'em in the spinal cord or the belly. He he he he—he—that ought to be good."

His servants, who found their sleep disturbed with such goings on, rarely stayed far long. They could not put up with the way he shyly played them against each other to cause trouble.

Then, he would approach the cook with a conspiratorial air and whisper: "I know there's nothing in this, but that damned butler told me you were stealing tinned food. You'd better keep an eye on him."

To the butler, in turn, he would say: "Look, I'm on your side, but you'd better do something about the cook. She keeps carrying tales about you and that snappy little upstairs maid."

With one butler he developed an intense suspicion that he was a notorious poisoner. Every time the butler served him food, Fieldt ceremoniously called on another servant to sample it before he touched it.

One butler was an enthusiastic athlete, spending all his spare time developing his muscles on some ropes and pines he rigged up from the roof of the garage.

One day, when he jumped exuberantly upward to grab a rope, it came untied and gave him a

A eight-year-old told her parents that the boy next door had punched him. His father said: "If he hits you again, you hit him back." Soon after he came in again and proudly announced: "He's crying now." Replied his father: "That's right, always hit them back when they hit you, son." The boy replied lamely: "Oh, he didn't hit me again, but I thought he might have done, so I hit him back first."

nasty fall (over a pile of old furniture). Before he layed into uncompromissions, he heard "hearse rattles" coming from a deserted corner of the building and saw his employee doubled up with pain.

Fieldt was not so happy, however, when the victim began a legal action against him, and it cost him \$600 dollars to settle the matter out of court.

At the age of 57, W. C. Fieldt's prodigious alcoholic consumption began to catch up with him, and he was paid a visit by "the fellow in the nightgown," the pet name he had for death.

He was one of the greatest of modern comedians, but will probably be longer remembered for his weird eccentricities and contradictions.

He died an unhappy, lonely man—because all his life the suspicion, distrust and prejudice engendered by his harsh boynood caused him to repel and shame everyone who tried to make friends with him.

pointers to better health

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

A strain of mice which is an sensitive to noise that it does at the sound of a bell has been developed in U.S.A. When one of these mice is placed in a tub and a bell is rung over the tub, the subject has convulsions and dies within seconds. It is hoped that the inherited nervous weakness of these mice may lead medical science to the cause of inherited weakness in human epileptics. Having found the cause, a cure will follow.

EAR EAR

The old saying "never put anything in your ear smaller than your elbow" is full of wisdom. Many people have impacted wax in the ear through trying to remove that wax with the flange of a pencil. Suddenly, an itching ear should never be scratched with a pin or a bobby pin. Such scratching can lead to a bad infection. If you must scratch inside your ear, use a small instrument with the point wrapped in cotton wool. The same principle applies to the nose to a lesser degree. Picking the nose too vigorously can lead to a blocking of the lining and infection.

CANCER

Herbs used by Indians in shaman-

ing herbs may be a source of a new drug in cancer, says Dr. Wilbur H. Ferguson, New York cancer investigator. He used the herbs on leukemia cancer patients and found that the drug produced pain, halted hemorrhages, and seemed capable of checking the spread of the dried disease. He gathered the herbs from the tropical forests of Ecuador and refined the poisonous sap for ingestion.

ALL THUMBES

People who have lost thumbs can have index fingers transplanted to the thumb position. By transplanting the index finger to the thumb position, it does the work of the thumb, restoring the grasping function to the hand. The new digit will, in time, take on the flattened appearance of the thumb.

LOOSE LIVES

Animal livers are now being kept alive outside the body for hours at a time in the University of Rochester. They are kept alive by mechanically-aerated blood. Reason for this is that scientists believe that they can get important clues to diet and gland cramps of artery hardening. The lipoproteins of the plasma, now the cause of interest in artery hardening, are made in the liver.

the zebra girl



We thought we had seen all types of costumes—from nightgowns to bikini—from photo designs to florals and polka-dots. Now we see Ann (just Ann) with zebra striped costumes. And to lend weight to her choice, she holds a couple of toy zebras in her lounge room.



This girl really likes zebras. She sits on a zebra-covered lounge, with photos of the animal on the wall. With her long beautiful legs, we can think of no better shade to represent these graceful animals. The zebra should be quite pleased.



As it is the zebra's own domain, Ann fits the picture perfectly under shade of a leafy umbrella, with trees giving off a rustle atmosphere. But zebras do not listen to rustles. Perhaps we can hear a murmur "Stir and Stir?"



white finger

"Uchona," they shouted about Egypt. But leprosy is not

LEPROSY! For centuries even the thought of this oldest scourge of mankind has caused people to shudder. They capture up victims condemned to a horrible living death and enormous disfigurement.

More than 4000 years ago the disease was killing the Egyptians. Phoenicians traded and the Crusaders spread it through the world. By the Middle Ages it had developed into Europe's worst pestilence, and 15,000 leprosinas were needed to combine leprosy.

Today it is still rampant, despite the effects of modern drugs. Seven million victims around the world—and their numbers are increasing, particularly in the damp, tropical areas of Africa and Asia—still bear the stigma, "Uchona!"

Men's averseness to men is notorious, but men's averseness to the leper has been—and still is in most parts of the world—nothing less than barbarous.

In a pseudo-scientific effort to control leprosy, a French king once ordered that every leper in the country be banished to death. That was

probably preferable to the "living death" they endured in other places and other ages.

Treated as pariahs, they were torn from wives and children to be incarcerated in the leprosinas. To all intents they were dead—the burial service was even read over them.

If they ever went out from the leprosinas, they had to wear distinctive clothes to prevent their attraction. They got on badly to both their fellowmen, and they rang a bell as they approached the healthy to warn them to get out of the way.

The church awarded the leper was considered justified to control the spread of the scourge. Modern science, however, now believes it to have been largely unnecessary.

Leprosy is such a contagious disease it is generally refused. Even conservative medical opinion now classifies it as only "harmful infections over a long period of intimate contact." Contractions of the disease by employees of modern leprosinas is almost unknown.

Yet, for all that, compulsory segregation of lepers is still enforced almost everywhere, even though no



of death

LEE GUARDIA

as leprosinas as it once was.

such restrictions, for example, are placed on sufferers from tuberculosis.

Tuberculosis is 100 times more infectious than leprosy, and a far more potent killer. But nowhere is a TB victim prevented from leading a normal life if he so desires. It is his own responsibility whether he submits to hospitalization for treatment.

The leper has not got "the touch of death" as was believed for centuries. A healthy person is normally immune to the disease he carries. Leprosy only attacks successfully when the person exposed to the germ is in a weakened condition from other illness, or has an open wound through which it can enter his body.

Thus has been realized in the two American states of New York and Massachusetts, which no longer segregate their lepers behind bars or fences.

A panel of United States leprosy experts in 1947 publicly announced that "compulsory segregation of patients is an expensive, useless cruelty, a survival of a dark age of ignorance and unreasonable fear."

The panel recommended that it be abandoned through the United States, but so far only the two states mentioned have adopted the recommen-

dation. There the only restriction now applied to known lepers concern the handling of foodstuffs and working with children and the sick.

Leprosy is caused by a tiny germ which the Norwegian, Dr. Gerhard Hansen, first discovered in 1874. Microscopically it is similar to the tubercle bacillus, and both germs are resistant to the same drugs. Avoid germs they can be called first cousins.

As with tuberculosis, too, the problem with leprosy is to find some drug or means to kill the germ without harming the person who is carrying it.

Ever since Dr. Hansen's discovery, medical scientists have been trying to grow the leprosy bacillus outside the body in a test tube. The Japanese, Dr. Haken Nakamura, was the first to succeed in 1933.

His discovery is the first step towards a definite cure. Now science can bombard, poison, poison and otherwise ill-treat cultured leprosy germs till they find a way to beat them.

There are two main types of leprosy: the neural and the leprosinas. The neural type, which is the less dangerous and the more prevalent, but non-infectious, attacks the nerves,

beginning with the nerves of the skin. The first sign is generally a small discolored patch on the skin.

At first the patch is unfeeling, but gradually it dies and the lower loses all sensation of touch and pain. In leprosy, a neural sufferer is often seen with a cigarette, which he has fastened, burning right down between his fingers. He is unaware to the pain of the burning.

Other patches then appear, and the nerves move from the small skin areas, which they have killed, to the main trunk of the body. Here they halt their march for some unknown reason. They do not invade the spine or the brain, and consequently few neural leprosy die of the disease.

Contrary to general opinion, there is no "rotting away" of the victim's body. In acute stages of neural leprosy, the patient may lose the power of sight as the optic nerves is affected, or his muscles, without nerve control, may clasp his fingers stiffly against his palms, twist his toes or cripple his legs. But generally there is hardly any more disfigurement than is suffered by an arthritis victim.

Leprosy, or termed leprosy, is the skin form. It is more disfiguring and more dangerous. Here the germ attacks the skin tissue. White blood cells rush in by millions to meet the attack. They are in such numbers that ugly lumps, called nodules, form on the skin.

In time, the nodules may vary from that of a pea to a football. Accompanying the lumps may be a general enlargement of the hands or an enormous lengthening of the ear lobes.

It is believed that the leprosy germs sometimes lie dormant in the body for a long period before the out-

ward symptoms appear. Generally, however, the evidence of infection can be seen after an interval of from several months to about five years.

Leprosy can cause blindness, crippling and acute pain—but it seldom affects the life span to any great degree. Previously the leprosy-stricken sailors rarely lived more than eight years, but modern drugs used as treatment are slowly curing even that form of the disease.

The chosen treatment for centuries was with the oil of the chauliogra, a tropical tree.

As a treatment it is almost as ancient as leprosy itself. It is reported to have been discovered by a Swamese prince about 1000 B.C. Afflicted by the disease, he had been cast out into the forest as "an unclean thing."

By luck, he began to gather for food some nuts of the chauliogra bush. To his amazement, within a short period the disease left him.

From that time chauliogra oil became the world-wide cure for leprosy.

Today, however, chauliogra oil has been replaced by the sulphone group of drugs as the most effective weapon against leprosy. These consist of dapsone, sulphathiazole and promacilin.

While they do not cure, the sulphones can arrest the disease.

Australia has approximately 300 known leprosy, including about 15 whites. The disease is believed to have been brought into the country from Asia by traders and sailors in the north, where the aborigines—often weak and sick and living in squatter-proved areas susceptible.

Most of the white victims in Australia are either on Peel Island in Moreton Bay or at Little Bay, just out of Sydney.

The men and women who find themselves so afflicted only thank the day of their return to the outside world—for the majority of them eventually do return.

But haunting them is the perpetual question: "How will my family and friends react?" And is that they know there is an almost certain answer.

Knowing this, several Sydney doctors, it was recently reported, have begun to treat a number of leprosy patients privately and secretly. They have not notified the health authorities of the discovery of the disease because they do not wish to condemn the patients to incarceration in a hospital—with its lifetime commu-

nication of misery and hopelessness.

In support of such action, one Mosegaard Street specialist pointed out the almost negligible danger of the victims spreading the disease. "If I had to choose," he declared, "I would infinitely prefer a leprosy dame to a nurse for my children than a TB victim."

Although you may not meet to one of these leprosy in the town or town, the medical profession the world over insists that there is not "a chance in a million of your becoming infected with leprosy."

Why must countless thousands the world over be condemned to lives of misery because the superstitions will not believe that fact?



"Could you make the G look more like a G?"



"My, what lovely broad shoulders!"

mary and the men



She had a husband, but she could not keep all that beauty for one man. She was not selfish with her charms.

SPENCER LEEHAWG

WHEN John Sawyer, simple country gentleman, and owner of the Manor of Biddenden, in Buckinghamshire, went to the parish church there in 1890 to take Mary Nevill for his wedded wife, he hadn't the slightest idea what he was taking himself in for. Love, it is said, blinded him completely to what lay beneath the surface of his bride, and that was plenty.

Mary Nevill was an Admiral's daughter, beautiful, brilliant and witty, but unapproachable to the last degree.

John Sawyer had an income of £1,000 a year, in addition to his property and estates. Obviously Mary Nevill had that in mind when she paraded her graces before the simple country squire.

When the honeymoon had ended, Mary began to show her true self by kicking her husband violently on his shins and other parts of his body because (as the young wife put it) she was dissatisfied with him as a lover.

This performance went on for about a year. Then the young tormentor presented her still adoring husband with a daughter, at which the proud father was converted. But the child died in early infancy.

Then Mrs. Sawyer began her career as a coquette. She became bored with the dull country life in Buckinghamshire, and persuaded her sulky husband to rent a house in Lida Street, Leicester Square, London, where he upholstered a coach, and lived in style, merely to please the wife whom he still adored. This overgrown coquette got the gay Mary admirably.

Another daughter was born there, but whether John Sawyer was the father was anybody's guess, because by that time Mrs. Mary Sawyer had surreptitiously become a confirmed warden. In this occupation her mother, Mrs. Salisbury (formerly the wife of Admiral Nevill, who was Mary's father) aided and abetted her.

One afternoon in the house in Lida Street, when Colonel Salisbury

was taking tea with his wife and step-daughter, the upright soldier of many campaigns mentioned that he had heard about mysterious women to the house in Little Street by subscriptions and possession of letters, which were not more courtesy calls. Some young lad had even mentioned the stranger of the fee paid for the pleasure derived from Mary's body.

When the Colonel charged her with flagrant infidelity to her husband, Mary delivered a torrent of abuse. He retaliated by dashing a cupful of tea in her face.

Mrs. Selisbury screamed, and the Colonel left hurriedly. Flaming with murderous anger, Mary seized her quill pen, and dashed off a letter to her temporarily absent husband, telling him of the most heinous (though not what prompted it), and demanding that he should be satisfied in the customary way, by a duel with swords.

Simple John Sayer fell for the ruse, and the two men met, but in arrears. Colonel Selisbury returned at that way. He told Jack (as he called Mary's husband) that the challenge was nothing but a death trap. Selisbury was an expert swordsman, and almost certainly would kill his adversary in a second duel. If that happened the two women would have the Colonel hanged for murder.

John agreed, so, much to the satisfaction of the two women, the duel did not take place.

This ingenious plot to secure freedom and a good inheritance having failed, Mrs. Sayer went back to the poorer house in Buckinghamshire, where she succeeded in including the corner of the parish.

When Mrs. Sayer returned to London, the rich man's estate followed her, but continued marriage, and died.

His wife continued to have her affairs—always looked for the highest bidder. At the same time she played her husband's credit card. John Sayer was compelled to call in a lawyer to straighten out his financial affairs.

The lawyer chosen for this task was a young man named Richard Noble, who had chambers in New Inn, London. He was a struggling attorney, and was glad of the job.

Within a few days, Richard Noble had fallen hopelessly into the usual clutches not only of Mrs. Sayer, but of her mother, Mrs. Selisbury—though John Sayer did not know this.

He remained away from his wife, and eventually consented to execute a deed of separation. He assigned to her certain lands and an allowance of £200 a year, and agreed that she could live with whom she pleased. The deed, of course, was drawn up by lawyer Richard Noble, in whose lair had complete faith and trust.

Shortly after Mrs. Sayer had given birth to a child of whom Richard Noble probably was the father, John Sayer received a letter from Noble warning him that he was in danger of being arrested by the High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, and that he should flee the country, for his own safety. Halfway was suggested.

Instantly, Sayer took the lawyer's advice.

Almost immediately Noble succeeded in obtaining a decree obliging the Trustees in the Sayer Marriage Settlement to return their responsibility, and transfer it to Sir Richard Noble, following which the tale of conspirators proceeded to flesh all that they could get out of John's possessions.

When the hapless wanderer returned to England, he was cited for

debits which he couldn't meet. So he took refuge within the folds of the notorious Fleet Prison, and admitted his fall in Chancery for release against the suits, under the deed of separation which he had obtained.

This, in its way, was a master stroke, because it put his wife in dire financial straits. Her latest payments were running little or nothing. Down on their luck, Mrs. Sayer, her mother, and Noble took lodgings in The Mint, Southwark, a district which was one of the mean resorts of London's underworld at that time.

Hearing of this, Sayer wrote, promising to forgive his wife if she would resume marital duty. Mrs. Sayer ignored the suggestion.

The husband determined to see his wife bodily together with the remaining effects of his debt she might possess.

Armed with a warrant issued by a Justice of the Peace, and accompanied by two officers of the Watch and six assistants, he went to the house in The Mint.

Bearing hard on the front door, the door of the key said that they had a warrant to search for a suspected person.

Another tenant of the lodgings opened the door, and the party of nine went in to find Noble, Mrs. Sayer and Mrs. Selisbury at dinner.

Purple with anger, Noble drew his sword, lunged, and stabbed Sayer in the left breast before the officers of the Watch and their assistants could stop him.

Knocked in a lurch pool of blood on the floor, the victim clung a look at, better speech at his wife. Then his eyes closed and he died.

Richard Noble was a fool, as well as a gross knave because eight witnesses for the Crown could prove

COME IN OUT OF THE COLD

Here you met up with lovely Terrie

Who, when a bold man tried to seize her,

Said he'd have to come back To her little town flat

As a drive in the moonlight would leave her.

— EX-REX

murder—no matter what the women said.

The officers of the Watch and their henchmen were well trained in tactics the such an occasion—and in such a heart of desperation as the Southwark Mint.

They seized the sword and the weapon. At the procession engaged from the lodgings, with all the cut-throats and thieves of the neighborhood peeping outside, a sword dripping with blood was seen, held high by the army area of the law, as undeniable evidence that murder had been committed.

They slipped the mesh into a suppression of respect. According to an old record of the case, the same Watchmen did this because they were afraid that the neighbors might "bring up" demanding vengeance, under supposition that the prisoners were delinquents . . .

Richard Noble was charged with "wilful murder," and Mrs. Sayer and Mrs. Selisbury, with having aided

and admitted him as the criminal. The trials took place at Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, on March 15-16, 1933, before a large jury.

Noble and Mrs. Salisbury challenged twenty of the jurors, and Mrs. Sawyer objected to no fewer than thirty-five. They had that right. But the jury-members available were so many that it made no difference. The trial took place.

Records show that the Court sat continuously from six o'clock in the morning until one o'clock on the following morning. At that hour the jury left the box for "light refreshment." After nine hours' deliberation, they returned verdicts of "Guilty" against Richard Noble, and "Not Guilty" against Mrs. Sawyer and Mrs. Salisbury.

Noble made an impassioned appeal to the Court to be allowed a little

grace in which to repent, receive his soul, and put his worldly affairs in order. The request was granted. Exhibiting genuine signs of repentance for his gruesome sin, he was hanged at Kingston-on-Thames on March 20, 1933.

The two women left for London, as free as the air, and with unblemished characters—from the point of view of the Law.

What happened to them afterwards is not recorded.

The villainous mother (who was probably at least half the cause of her daughter's wickedness) could not have married much longer.

But London as Queen Anne's time was gay and unscrupulous enough to take Mary Sawyer (nee Nevill) back into the fold of women of easy virtue, even though she had at least three deaths on her non-existent conscience.



"It's okay. She said I could go."

they TRADE their wives



JOHN CHASE

NOWHERE in the world are wives held in such low esteem as among the jungle Negro-Indian tribes of Honduras, only a few hundred miles from the southern borders of the United States.

One of the strange customs of these Central American peoples is wife trading—men of each village being permitted to exchange wives at three-month intervals while inter-village exchanges of wives also occurs four other times a year.

The village and inter-village "markets of wives" are so staggered that the natives who lose the wives/traded in either wives, gold nuggets, or gold,

can acquire and dispose of eight different wives in the course of a single year, at regular intervals of about six weeks apart. Naturally, many natives have wives of whom they are genuinely fond, wives whom they do not swap or sell. Nevertheless, the custom of "triggedged polygamy" is widespread among the interior jungle tribes, and represents a condition almost incredibly backward to civilized minds.

It was recently my privilege to visit some of these tribes, and observe the "markets of wives" as well as other strange customs fast-hard. To begin with, I must first make it clear that

the moonstone I found in the moon-lit forest jungle are not typical of Borneo as a whole. Most of the population of about one million such as Melio or Spanish-Indian, and while among them promiscuity is still widespread, steady progress in education has led to an encouraging increase in permanent marriages.

The increased stability of the family unit still does not apply in the almost inaccessible regions of the interior and along the so-called "Mongka Coast," where white men seldom venture. Close as they are to modern civilization, these areas remain among the least-explored on earth.

We reached the Mongka Coast by way of Brewer's Lagoon, a strip of water some two hundred miles in length that is separated from the Caribbean Sea by a long, sandy, palm-fringed strip of land. To make our way inland, we had to travel by canoe—and frequent portages—up the swift current and narrow middle of the Patani River, which empties into the lagoon.

The natives of Negro blood among these various tribes differ roughly with the distance from the coast. In here tended to improve the stock, the mixture being taller, stronger, and more intelligent than the original Indians.

In my notes I find that the Negro-Indian mixture among the Malisee Indians came about by chance. In 1861, a shipload of Africans driven ashore wrecked off this coast, and the unwarmed Negroes were promptly captured and enslaved by the Indians. The Malisees found the Negroes to be amiable, intelligent, and of good physique, and intermarriage was soon permitted. Over the centuries, thousands of captured slaves also made

their way to this coast, where they interbred with the native population.

I was told that the original Carib Indians of this area were exterminated in color. A colony in a small village on Brewer's Lagoon, I noted, were much darker, having the high cheekbones of the Indians and the flat noses of some Negro tribes.

Inland the Malisees were much better. Incidentally these tribes—living along the moonlit sea—hand-watered at the Patani River—are the ones with the wife-swapping propensities. The first such case we visited was the Zambo, who live in small villages of no more than a dozen huts.

Like the other inland and backward tribes, the Zambo are exceedingly primitive. Their only tools are a few knives and machetes. They hunt with blowguns which shoot clay pellets about the size of a large pea, and their marksmanship is amazing. Their women make clothing out of the inner layers of bark. These people get plenty of fish from the rivers by the simple expedient of poisoning the water, using lethal plant extracts or alligator gull Tropicana fruits are plentiful. Their alcoholic beverage—which has real authority—is a brew of yuca, cassava, and sugar.

The Zambo are a violent, almost lawless tribe. There is no village authority—not even by a medicine-man. If a Zambo kills an enemy, his only fear is retribution on hand from some male relative of his victim.

The marriage approach to marriage is like slavery, with the men "buying" the women and sharing life afterward for them. It is equally considered improper to reveal emotion or tenderness. Kissing is unknown. If a husband is comelier,

one of his current wife, it is usually because other sons of equal or greater wealth desire her.

Under these brutal circumstances, it is little wonder that wives often run away. When this happens, the aggrieved husband merely demands from his previous husband the price he paid for her, plus the cost of his maintenance for the time she belonged to him. If the former husband doesn't pay up, a feud starts that may end in death.

There is one strange taboo in regard to getting rid of an enemy. A Zambo may slay or poison a man, but he may not kill him by blow-gun unless the murderer immediately commits suicide.

The "market of wheat" always

takes place on the night and day of a full moon. In the same moonlight, a possible fire is built, and is kept blazing constantly. The people arrange themselves around this conflagration in orderly circles, women closest to the flames. Possibly the men—dressed in drink-laden, fringed, dancing duds which rustle on and on as the women wait passively.

At dawn the market commences. First to be purchased are the young girls who have never had husbands, but who have proven themselves eligible by bearing at least two children. Generally, they are purchased by the younger men, who have saved carefully for many months in order to be able to purchase the first of what in time will prove to be a long



"I don't see any reason why I can't go, Charlie. Oh, oh, here comes our man."

recognition of temporary wives. (In such a society, of course, the children are the property of the village as a whole.)

The nature of one of constant pen-demonstrations. Both purchasers and sellers of women try to evade each other in yelling and shrieking, as the theory that the man with the loudest voice and the greatest persistence can get the better of the bargain. Sometimes these negotiations are very complex; a poor Zambian, for example, cannot buy a new wife on whom he has not his fancy until he has first paid the necessary capital by selling his old one.

These Zambian males are deadly wretches. They know that if they fail to complete a transaction on the quarterly wife-market day, they must wait another three months — unless they can afford to go to one of the inter-village markets. No Zambian will ever try to sell his wife at a private sale for "real dollars" will surely punish his dishonest "barrenness."

When, at sometimes happens, young boys and girls fall genuinely in love with each other, they show their affection by refusing to eat together. Such a symbol of marital liking as sharing a meal is not to be tolerated, and they know that—regardless of the intensity of their adulterous love—a permanent marriage is almost an impossibility.

A few other of the Zambian customs are worthy of notice. An night be expected, they have little idea of reform. Immortality of the soul is totally beyond their conception. Education and religious instruction offer the greatest hopes of happiness to the strange, backward tribe who treat their women as mere chattels.

From the Zambian inventory we went on to visit another almost totally unknown tribe, the Puyas. They are so isolated that linguists can find no connection between their language and any other known. Amazingly, they actually have two different languages, one spoken by the men and the other by the women.

In some respects, the Puyas are even more primitive than the Zambians. Like the Zambians, they raise no crops, being content to live off the jungle. They do not even have the crude wide-purchase-and-exchange system of the Zambians, the girls, once they have proven their ability to bear children, being indiscriminately to the males of the entire village.

However, they have quarterly exchange of all the women of different villages — one of the most brutal practices imaginable; the sole redeeming feature being that the women exchanged do know each other and are not separated. The children are kept behind in the villages of the fathers.

It is almost incredible that such superstitions and practices still exist in such great degree in this continent. These conditions are not the fault of the Mandarins government, which is doing its utmost to educate the people, improve their standards of living, and abolish backward customs.

On the contrary, they are primarily due to the extreme isolation of the more backward tribes, who are himself more difficult to visit than almost any other peoples on earth. Until helicopters, perhaps, make intercommunication much easier, the jungle "markets of wives" and other barbaric customs are likely to persist.

homicidal



headlines

TWO MEN IN AN UNDERGROUND BAR WITH AN ARMED MANIAC, WHO MEANT TO KILL THEM AT 8 O'CLOCK. IT WAS NOW 5:30.

WAL WATKINS

and as he did, the radio stopped screaming and the announcer began talking.

"We have been asked by the police to broadcast the following message: Leslie Fay, a homicidal maniac, has escaped from custody and is being actively sought by the police."

The glass stayed raised to the lawyer's lips as he listened to the man-at-the-desk Harold St. S. maddenly, blared his, blue eyes, in amazement and discomfort, and in particular homicidal if laughed at."

The lawyer's heart relaxed a beat. He dropped his eyes down the mirror, and looked straight into the maw of a small revolver.

THE Benford underground bar was peaceful in mid-afternoon. The radio was screaming, "I want to your wedding" to the sole drinker, a young lawyer. Then the other man came in.

The young lawyer saw his reflection in the mirror that ran the full length of the bar. The man took a stool up and sat down beside him. "A beer," he told the fat barman, and the lawyer looked at him curiously.

The voice had sounded unnatural—over-glitter and theatrical.

The barman put a beer on the bar and the man turned and looked at the young lawyer.

The lawyer lifted his glass to drink,

Suddenly, the Benford underground bar had become the stage for a tense drama. The fat barman ceased polishing glasses and gaped. The lawyer

TROUBLE started in Blakes as soon as the new man arrived. He began giving orders to all. After demanding that the place be remodeled, he was sent for by Salma. Old Man complained that his mistakes were being worn in Salma's. "Anyone would think," he said, "that you own this place." The new owner stared at Salma. "I do own it," he said. "My wife gave it to me on Earth."

lowered his head and looked frantically at the reflection of the closed door in the mirror.

Leslie Fay swung the gun on the barman. "Give me the door key—quick!" he barked.

The barman took the key from a back and passed it shakily.

"Turn off the radio!"

The barman obeyed.

Fay backed to the door, looked it, and pocketed the key. Then he returned to the bar and waved the gun over the two men. "Don't either of you move or I'll shoot you dead!"

He jerked the gun at the barman. "Barman, are there any other ways of entering this bar other than through that door?"

The barman shook his head stепенly. "None, m'lord—none."

Fay backed around the bar to verify this, covering the men as he did. At the far end of the bar, he peered to investigate the narrow ventilation shaft which led down from the top bar. Then, satisfied, he walked steadily back to his captives,

watching them closely all the while. "Now," he said, "You going to talk and tell me about myself." He leaned forward suddenly, the gun jutting out. "And you're not going to interrupt me! Understand?"

The two men nodded meekly and a smile twisted his lips. "You understand because you're afraid of me!" He came forward a few steps at a half-crouch. "You're afraid of me because you know I'd kill you both without batting an eyelid!"

He stood a few paces in front of them, his eyes switching from one to the other. "I used to be afraid to kill men, but I'm not now! I could shoot both your brains out and laugh like hell. You know that?"

The lawyer had decided to try pacifism. "I believe you," he said quietly. "It would take courage, but I believe you have it."

The maniac backed a few steps. "Yes," he said. "One time I looked the gun to shoot a man. I stood over him with a gun and I knew that if I shot him I'd be safe, and if I didn't shoot him I'd be accused for murder." He began to walk to and fro in front of them. "I tried to shoot him. But my guts were in a knot and I couldn't do it. And the next morning the cops came and took me."

He spun about and advanced close to peer at them. "They tried me!" he blazed. "And they laughed at me! They laughed because I never had the guts to shoot a man and save myself! The gallery laughed, the newspapers laughed, and the world laughed!"

He leaned forward menacingly. "But they don't laugh now! Nobody laughs at Leslie Fay now! They're all too scared to!"

He swung the gun suddenly on the

barman. "You! Let's have you laugh as I can shoot you! Go on, laugh!"

The barman stiffened, white-faced as the silence.

He swung the gun to the lawyer. "You! Let's have you laugh!"

He stepped back from them triumphantly. "But You're like the rest of the world. You laughed when they tried me, but you haven't got the courage to do it now!"

He went to the corner of the bar and leaned on it again. The crooked smile played on his face. "It's my turn to laugh now," he gloated. "I'm going to prove to the world how wrong they were. I'm going to show them I can kill in cold blood! And I'm going to laugh while I'm doing it!"

The barman's nerve cracked. "What're you going to do?" he blazed.

Fay straightened up. "I'll show you, barman. I'll show you! There's a phone behind the bar there. Get in there to it!" He waved the gun at the lawyer. "You! Don't move on that!"

The lawyer watched him force the barman behind the bar. The lawyer's mind was in a whirl of reminiscence. He was remembering the trial three years ago. The lawyer for the defense had built an excellent case. He'd shown the defendant as a dead-end kid years before, wastrel and creating the tough-type of movies. He'd shown him in a mental institution which had warped his way of thinking and crippled his outlook.

At it the would-be tough had joined the notorious Blakes gang. For three years he'd played a small part in that organization. Then they'd given him a gun and told him to shoot the gay helpless writers who had seen him shoot down the armed bank guard in a moment of panic.

He had discovered then that he was not a man who could ever be the tough guy he'd imagined. In reality, he was a man who had been carried away by his childhood whims which had warped his young mind.

The defendant had wept and gone berserk in court. He'd challenged the judge to prove him a weakling. The gallery had laughed and the papers had played it up. Examination by psychiatrists had followed and he'd been confined to an institution.

Later, there'd been the repeated threats to get even with the world—the desperate bids to escape—the manual killing of a prison guard—and finally, his confinement as a homicidal maniac.

Now Leslie Fay had the barman stand by while he dialed police headquarters. "Hello, police," he said. "This is Leslie Fay. I'm at the underground bar of the Bonfort Hotel. I've got two men locked in here with me and I'll shoot them if anyone tries to break in. Now you'd better prove I'm not kidding, here is one of the men to verify what I've just said."

He handed the phone to the barman, let him gather his verification, then hung up.

Next he dialed the city newspapers. He told all six of them what was happening and hung up again.

"You know what I'm going to do now," he said. "I'm going to wait in a few minutes the homicide squad will be up there planning how to take me! Also in a few minutes, the last officers will come off the post and afterwards will be telling the world I'm here! The world will gather out there to watch and wait. And when they're all there—" He glanced at the clock over the bar. "Say at 4 o'clock. I'll shoot you two and start laughing!"

The two men's eyes flashed to the clock. It was 1:30.

The barman went a shade whiter and glanced desperately at the lawyer.

The lawyer mastered his fading courage and cleared his throat. "And the moment you shoot, Fay, the cops will burst in the door."

"And I'll pick them off as they enter from around the corner there," said the homicidal maniac.

"They'll get you with machine!" Fay nodded. "But I'll be laughing. I'll have proved myself."

Up at street-level six police cars had drawn into the curb to flank the four corners of homicide men. Across the street, and on both sides of the hotel, small crowds were murmuring.

At the entrance to the Beaufort Hotel, Joe Morton, the homicidal chief, was in earnest conversation with two men. One was the proprietor of the hotel. The other, a little gray-haired man, had been Fay's superintending psychiatrist during his confinement.

"By this way, Doc," the chief was saying to the psychiatrist, "I've got no objection to letting you go down on there with him! He's a homicidal maniac and he'd shoot you with as little compunction as he would me—much as you try to seduce me. Now here's what I aim to do [I] go down there and talk to him through the door. If he won't listen I'll try sending a man to take him from the skylight."

"And if that fails?" asked the psychiatrist.

"If that fails, too, I'll let you try your newspaper stunt."

The crowd was suddenly big and screaming. The chief turned and moved to his men. "Beyound! Get that place ordered off! There's bound

to be shooting and I don't want civilians hit!"

He stood close against the wall and knicked. "Fay!" he called. "The Morton here!"

"Go back up the stairs!" snarled Fay.

"I want to talk to you, Fay," Morton called.

A shot cracked! Wood splintered and a bullet slammed into the corner steps and whined away. Morton clambered back up the steps and waved angrily to his men. "All right," he bawled. "Tackle him from the skylight!"

Fay's eyes lifted now to the clock. It was 1:30. He looked back to his captives again. And as he did, the shadow cut the dimming light that was over him, and he looked up.

He lifted the gun in a flash and fired once, twice! The shadow slumped and lay still!

He jumped away from the bar with a little cry of joy. "Best!" he shouted at the two hostages. "Thought they'd get me through that! See how I shot him!"

An utter quiet settled in the bar. Fay stood alert, glancing alternately from the clock to the men. When it was one minute to six, he dropped into his homicidal half crouch and approached them stealthily.

The lawyer rose slightly on his toes! The barman stiffened and took a deep breath! There came the sound of rattling and a paper thudded to the floor at the bottom of the ventilation shaft.

Fay stepped forward, going unperceivedly at the tightly rolled paper. Then he went around his captives and picked it up carefully. He stood in front of them, covering them with the gun in one hand, and he shook

the paper out to the other. The last edition, it was, with the black headline:

CROWDS LAUGH AT FAY AGAIN.

The homicidal maniac backed away, his eyes narrowing as he read the opening paragraph. "Hundreds of people are gathered outside the Beaufort Hotel, laughter for the second time at Leslie Fay, the world-beat tough-dog. Fay has looked himself in the underwood bar with two men and is defying police to enter. But stout of homicide, Morton, has no intention of entering. He has publicly denounced Fay as a weakling, and has boasted that he will walk up unarmed and take the gun from Fay when he attempts

"On being warned of the danger of being shot, Morton laughed and replied: 'Fay wouldn't have the guts to shoot an unarmed man, and I'll prove it.' The crowd's laughs are swelling as Fay continues to bawl to the bar."

The paper fell from Fay's hand. He stood a moment looking at his prisoners. Then the twisted smile crossed his mouth and he unlatched the door and slowly descended the stairway.

He passed a few steps down, the top, his attention riveted on the open sky he could see above him. Nothing started. He held the gun at his midriff and ascended again. Higher and higher, until he stood at street-level—looking into the circle of sub-machine guns.

He stood motionless, looking beyond them to the huge crowd of people. Then he dropped his arms back to the homicidal man and marched straight there for the man, he wanted. There was intense quiet. The

machine guns held steady on his midriff.

The little gray-haired man stepped out and walked calmly towards the homicidal maniac. Homicidal man's fingers settled snugly around trigger-guns, ready.

Leslie Fay sank into a deadly half crouch and glared at the approaching man. His gun came up a little. "Stop!" he shouted.

The psychiatrist came on, talking now. "You won't shoot me, Leslie, because I'm your friend. I'm the best friend you've ever had. You know that, Leslie. It wouldn't be right to shoot me."

He was close. Leslie Fay's face contorted. "Don't come any closer!" he shouted hysterically. "Don't or I'll shoot!"

The psychiatrist stood before him. "Let me have the gun, Leslie," he said mildly. "That's a good man."

Leslie Fay was shaking all over, cowering before the little man.

"Let me have it and we'll go away together, Leslie. Just you and me. We'll go away from all these people and I'll talk to you like I used to. I won't let the police hurt you, Leslie. I promise you that, and I've never broken my promise to you, have I?"

Slowly, Fay's gun hand fell down. Coldly, the psychiatrist reached out and took the gun. "Thank you, Leslie," he said. The spotlight stood silent and police relaxed.

Then he took his arm, and he walked with him. Out through the ranks of grim-faced homicide men, they walked. Out past where chief Morton was mulling at the power of a faded front-page on a newspaper.

CAVALCADE COMMENT

ACTION AND REACTION

BY OUR CORRESPONDENT *Harold*



WE HAVE ALL READ TESTIMONY OF THE MILD REACTIVE EFFECT THAT FILM-GOING HAS UPON THE JUVENILE MIND. — BUT



IS THIS EFFECT ENTIRELY CONFINED TO THE JUNIOR MAN?



OTHER SPECTACLES ARE WONT TO PRODUCE SIMILAR RESULTS...



THE INFLUENCE OF THE CLASSIC DRAMA IS BEYOND DOUBT.



AND FINALLY — WHAT OF THE FLAME OF THE SPECTACLE?



HIBERNATION

Hibernation in animals is still puzzling scientists. They have installed self-recording thermometers and other mechanisms beneath the skins in an attempt to discover the animals' physical reactions. They found that the metabolism of the animals during hibernation is only a few units away from death. They have only a couple of heart beats per minute and take only a few breaths every hour. They do not grow, move, eat or excrete. Yet, if the animals are dug out of the ground, they are warm.

MECHANICAL WORRIES

A mechanical brain which worries has been invented by the Raytheon Manufacturing Co. of Massachusetts, U.S.A. It is a digital computing machine which can compute 1,000 additions, 1,000 subtractions, 1,000 divisions, or 1,000 multiplications. If an error occurs in its computations, the machine stops. (The invention describes the way computing and the machine is revealed by adjustment of a panel. All the work done by the machine up to the error is preserved and the brain, after rectifying the mistake, continues its workings until the sum is completed. The brain is called the Raydon.

CONCRETE EVIDENCE

The New York Department of Public Works has discovered that the application of bituminous oil reduces the chipping or scaling of public highways. Newly-laid concrete absorbs water or salt solutions until fully saturated. Then when five years, water absorbed in winter is subject to constant freezing and thawing, which leads to disintegration of the surface. The application of the oil—1/4th of a gallon per square yard—keeps out the water and produces only temporary discoloration, which wears off within a year. The oil evaporates, leaving the highway and that does not leave any disappearance on the road.

NUMBER PLEASE

In Japan supervision regarding numbers is so strict. Odd numbers are lucky, even numbers are unlucky. Special emphasis of bad luck is placed on the number "four." The word for four is "shi," which is also the word for death. If a Japanese girl tells you her phone number is 88-432, you have been bad. That number means zero, money, deep dead, misery, deep dead, zero. The unfortunates establishments have the lucky numbers, for example, the Imperial Hotel is 52-4321.



RAY MITCHELL

Boxers have a choice of many fighting styles.

Usually it is the orthodox which pays off.

To the uninitiated there are only two styles in boxing—orthodox and southpaw. The term "orthodox" is a loosely-applied term given to any boxer who is not a southpaw. Anyone who shapes up with left foot and left arm forward is commonly called an orthodox boxer, while a boxer who shapes up in reverse, that is with right hand and right foot forward, is a southpaw.

Strictly speaking, the common opinion is not correct. Styles vary to a great degree among right-handed and left-handed boxers.

The orthodox boxer is one who stands feet straight, leads with his left, parries, evades, backsteps and slips knees in strict accordance with the book. A "copp-head left" is a phrase commonly used by boxing writers in describing a fight. Opposite is very pretty to watch, but un-

less the orthodox boxer incorporates something else into his mode of fighting, or at least modifies the unadorned into his style, he will not reach the top—and stay there. (No mere argument, there are exceptions in every rule).

Other boxers read the text books too, and they can expect the "copp-head" boxer to make certain moves and they can lay traps. Of course, an orthodox boxer (provided he can take the occasional wallop he must take in a fight, no matter how clever he may be) will always beat the fighter in his own class.

There is quite a difference between a boxer and a fighter. A fighter is one, usually with a heavy punch, who marches forward, intent on knocking his opponent senseless, or beating him off his feet. A fighter looks fierce. He is not necessarily a wild

swinger, who in another type altogether. Every fighter can begin—a corner—and swing lower the fight—to a degree. The swinger can only swing and is easy next for the straight puncher.

If a study is made of all the world champions of the past and present, it will be noticed that the greatest were, and are, unorthodox—ones who did the unexpected—and it is the unexpected that wins fights.

To quote an example of the unexpected. Some years ago I handled a heavyweight fighter named Bill Warburton. One night, at Sydney Stadium—April 13, 1936, he engaged Leo Caudeine in one of the most thrilling bouts ever since the War. The contest was scheduled for eight rounds and for the first five the crowd yelled itself hoarse as terrific thunderbolts landed on both boxes.

Caudeine was an amateur gentleman. Warburton, left hand and left foot forward, was a fighter, tough with a terrific punch and the ability to carry out instructions.

Every round I gave Bill different instructions so that Caudeine and his seconds must not know what to do next.

In the interval between the terrific fifth and the sixth rounds, my advice to Warburton was as follows: "This time I want you to meet him in the ring corner and throw a right at his jaw. He will immediately come back at you with a left hook. He is fighting the same style every round. But, instead of countering that left hook with an inside right as you did last round, swing back, allowing the punch to pass in front of you."

"Step to your left and forward with a right slip to the body. Then step back and watch him fall. The fight will be over in a minute." When the bell rang he moved out

and followed instructions to the letter. He threw the right. Caudeine did an expected—left hook. Bill swung back, stepped forward and to the left as the one motion, giving that powerful right to the solar-plexus.

Then he stepped back to watch Caudeine. A look of agony came over the fighter's face as he stiffened. Then slowly he revolved on his heels and fell to the canvas—out cold. I looked at the clock. Exactly one minute of the round had gone.

Jim Donald headlined the fight (which was only the opening bout to the main contest) in a Sydney daily and wrote of the fighting blow: "Warburton, came out to fight Caudeine with a solar-plexus punch that would have won praise from master Bob Fitzsimmons."

There is no new punch in boxing and no new ones. All have been done before, but there are so many moves that can be introduced unexpectedly and so many combinations of moves and blows can be performed when least expected, that an opponent is non-plussed.

Bob Fitzsimmons was being scientifically and systematically cut to pieces until the fourth round in his heavyweight title fight with Jim Corbett in 1906. Then he introduced his shift, bringing up his elbow with pile-driver, drove into Corbett's solar-plexus. Corbett went down as though pole-axed and the title changed hands on seconds later.

Newspapers wrote up Fitz as the discoverer of a new punch. But actually that blow had been in use for over a century. But it was not until Bob used it against Corbett that it was given the name "pile-driver" punch. Bob said: "I hit it in the belly and he folded up."

Now often has it happened in boxing that "A" has soundly beaten "B",

and "B" has knocked out "C", yet "C" has been soundly beaten "A". Many times—and the reason is style. "A" could handle "B's" style, but not "C's".

To quote one case in hundreds. In 1935 Max Baer knocked out Mike Schmeling. Two years later Joe Louis knocked out Baer. Yet Schmeling knocked out Louis in 1936. None of these contests showed one of the contestants improved. Baer and Schmeling in the Louis fight were a little past their peaks, while Louis was on the way up.

More recently there was the George Barnes-Frank Flannery-Bud Smith set-up. Barnes fought three times Flannery and three times Frank won on points, the last three being when he was Australian lightweight champion. Then Wallace Rud Smith came out here from America. He was rated the eighth best lightweight in the world by the National Boxing Association of America.

Smith made his Australian debut in Melbourne in opposition to Flannery and he gave Frank a boxing lesson, inflicting on him a thorough beating. So much so that a return bout was out of the question.

Smith had to be used again. He continued fight for three fights. So he was called against George Barnes, then our second best lightweight (now our best welter).

The two met in Melbourne and Barnes won a close points decision. They were rematched in Sydney and again George came good with a points win.

Why? Flannery three times proved Barnes' master; undoubtedly Smith was Flannery's master; yet Barnes twice beat Smith. The answer is style. Smith had a beautiful straight left, and it allowed to make the fight, that left dictated the course of the

contest as in the Flannery fight. But Barnes fought right up close, he took stock on Smith's chest and stayed there throughout the fight, hitting away at Smith's body and not allowing him to bring in his straight left.

That happened in 1930, and, upon his return to U.S.A., Smith beat many good fighters and drew with a world champion.

Jack Dempsey incorporated a fast-moving crookier stance and proved hard to hit. Not only that, but his continual weaving from side to side with his feet made often than not outside, made it difficult to know which hand he would use first.

Henry Armstrong was a boxer-fighter who never let up his fast punches. He would stay very close to his opponent and hit wherever he saw flesh. His style was difficult to overcome. Henry was and held simultaneously, three world boxing titles and was the only pugilist in boxing history to do so.

Harry Greb and Jack Corbett were two of the most unorthodox boxers in history. Greb was known as "The Pittsburgh Wildcat" because he threw both hands in a never-ending fusillade—blows which travelled from any direction, from any range. (Not nearly close), but all guided to the target.

Gene Tunney, who suffered the only defeat of his career at the hands of Greb, said he would rather fight a hammer.

Corbett would spend into action and lead in to a down straight left as fast that his arm was a blur and all one could see was his opponent's head going back and forth like a speed ball.

According to the good book a boxer should not stand with feet outside and flat-footed, while awaiting

SAY IT WITH GLANCES

I saw her in the distance,
And distance lends enchantment,
So they say; but coming nearer
She revealed no enhancement.
She was beguiled by Nature
To a very marked degree
And Dame Nature hadn't held back
One job of artistry:
For one whose admiration
Of works of art is stout
I became a beauty lover
To the point where I would start
And with full appreciation
I thought rather than regret
her
I'd seen at once, to my surprise,
Into an art collector—
So I thought of words to
flatter her,
To speak if I got the chance
But all the flattery I needed
Was an order signed please.

—EK-REX

graces or when punching. The book also states that a boxer should have both feet on the floor when punching—in fact, at all times in the ring. A boxer slides or slides when moving—he does not lift a foot.

Yet Carroll did all the things he should not have done. He tase the book to shreds. Jack would stand disaffected with hands at sides, while his opponent threw punch after punch at him in a vain effort to hit him. Jack would keep into the air, strike with both hands while airborne—and get away with it! Why? Be-

cause he was so fast and did so many unexpected things at unexpected times. He was the greatest water-weight Australian ever produced.

Vin Petrick, Australia's idol for many years, was a southpaw, but he was an unorthodox one. He shaped up sideways and moved like a crab. His extended right arm seemed to stretch across the ring. He was very baffling to his opponents and his terrible power of punch dictated a large majority of the opposition before they solved his style.

Australia's world boxing champion is a southpaw—the unusual type of southpaw. He is fast. Southpaws are notoriously slow-moving. Jimmy is like a normal boxer sloping up in reverse. His speed, allied to the southpaw stance makes his opponents do the wrong things.

Styles play a big part in success in boxing. If a man has a style that baffles his opponents, he scores a lot of victories, providing, of course, that he has the other requirements of a boxer, or fighter. Some men can handle various styles, but one will bewilder them. Some—even champions—cannot handle southpaws. Some like a man who comes in and fights. This style shows the counter puncher in good light. Others would rather fight boxes.

But there is one thing for young boxes to remember. While studying various styles of chess champions, do not change your individual style to copy your idol. While his style suited him, it is not suited for you. It was his individuality which brought him success. But incorporate little moves and actions of those champions into your style. Preserve those moves until they come naturally to you, and fuse into your own style. But your own style is basically your own. Remember that.



DR. W. SCHWEISHEIMER

Here is a recipe for adding to your age. One of the ingredients—is don't seem weak when you retire.

how you can live longer

A LOT is heard today about the art of growing old and staying healthy or better care for old people at a later retiring age. Two new words have crept into the language—geriatrics and geriatrics. The former is the study of the aging process and the latter is the treatment of older people.

Old people have not changed since their primitive generations but a revolutionary change in our social conditions has given an added interest in the aged and due to various circumstances, such as medical science improvement and the acceptance of the aged as individuals, not nuisances, have given longer life.

Within the last ten years, the expectation of life at birth has moved five years. Since the beginning of this century it has gained twenty years.

People live longer due to the improvements in the hygiene of everyday life. The modern situation is incomparably better for the mass of the people than in the Middle Ages or even half a century ago. The danger of epidemic and infectious diseases can be limited in most cases. Better nutrition and better social care can help to lengthen the average life.

Since the average man will live to be 55, 65 or 75 years of age. Of course, he may develop one of the diseases characteristic of older age groups—heart failure, arteriosclerosis, arthritis or cancer.

One of the scourges of the aged used to be diabetes, but a new world opened for diabetes with the discovery of insulin nearly thirty years ago. Diabetes is not actually cured by insulin but this miracle drug gives a substitute for the lacking secretion



of internal glands and as long as diabetes use insulin, they will be as healthy as normal people.

I have a friend whose father died at the age of 63, due to diabetes. His son, my friend, has had the disease for twenty years, but, at 61, he is as healthy as a man could be at the age. He has 20 grandchildren and is a good worker at his trade.

This is only one example of how things have changed during the last 25 years for older people. Diabetes does not spare the young, but its most acute it is an ailment of advanced years, starting after the fifty year mark. We cannot prevent people from getting diabetes when they grow older, but we can protect them from bad consequences and dangerous complications, by modern methods of treatment.

Our goal, however, is not only to add years to life, but also to add life to years. People who live longer can enjoy it only if at the same time

they find satisfaction in life.

Most important in this respect is proper food for keeping old people healthy, efficient and happy. A changing of food habits is recommended. Bad nutrition diminishes the efficiency of older workers. But we have to consider the fact that it is hardly possible to give up lifelong food habits in old age just to comply with some theory about food.

The British physician and philosopher Lord Bacon, used in the 17th century. "To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and sleep, and to exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting." It is sound advice to eat temperately of a balanced diet of regular intervals and under pleasant surroundings.

Elderly people are more interested in their food and their digestion than younger people. This is well founded. The older we grow the more our happiness depends upon the proper functioning of our digestive organs — stomach, bowels, kidneys.

Dr. M. Gumpert, who is especially experienced in problems of old age, gives certain rules for the best diet for normal aged people. Here are some of these rules:

1. Stimulate the appetite by increasing the flavor of food. Make ample use of spices and acids like lemon juice and vinegar. (You have to be careful, though, with spices and salt in case of kidney trouble.) Make sweet dishes rare.

2. Prepare the food so that it can easily be chewed. If necessary, chop meats and mash or strain vegetables. This is important if the teeth are not good.

3. Don't give too large servings at a time. Force hurried meals and the heavy dinner at night. These meals of approximately equal size

should be taken. A light supper should supplant the heavy dinner. The heaviest amount of food should be given in the middle of the day. However, people accustomed to have their main meal in the evening might suffer from such change.

4. Eat in important after meals to protect the ailing heart from over-stretch. We know that the processes of digestion mean more activity for heart and blood vessels.

5. Elimination of waste through kidneys and bowels must be regular. Sometimes a slight change in the diet, more fluid or more fat may be sufficient to improve bowel movements, but this is a matter for medical care, not for inexperienced guessing.

Food for the aged should be rich in proteins—meat, eggs, cheese, vegetables. For the normal aged person, every food that he likes is right. Not to be recommended is meat eaten too raw or half-cooked meat, including "summer steaks," hard-baked eggs, overripe cheese, bread with a high content of cellulose.

Most elderly people can tolerate alcohol, coffee and tea in moderate doses. There is no general rule; every individual has to find out how he feels best with respect to coffee, tea and tobacco.

There are special diseases connected with old age, possibly due to the long use of organs and tissues. They need medical care, and in many cases relief and cure are possible.

There is chronic bronchitis, with a persistent cough, a varying amount of secretion, and some changes of breath. There are conditions of heart and blood vessels, particularly the coronary conditions, and arteriosclerosis. Medical experience can do a lot to help these people, and we

should never forget that the heart is an organ of really unbelievable strength and patience.

Arthritis, an inflammation of the joints, is a disease the causes of which are hardly known at all. Heat, rest and certain drugs are helpful and recently treatment with sulfone and other harmless substances are sometimes of glands has proved to be helpful even in advanced cases of arthritis.

Cancer is a typical disease of old age. It is still a mystery—the great unsolved "X" in medicine. We do not know anything of its cause. Notwithstanding this fact, progress has been made in the treatment of cancer. Surgery, radium and X-rays are the main weapons in the battle against cancer, and in many cases highly successful cures have been secured.

Recently an increasingly optimistic view of the mental ability of older people has begun to prevail. The more cheerful outlook is based on scientific findings. Dr. W. M. Johnson emphasizes changes in the brain and other organs are not decisive for the change in mental behavior. The man who possesses a well-balanced personality, who takes life philosophically, and who has a wide range of interests, is likely to keep his mental faculties to a greater degree than is the one who is not so well adjusted.

The old word, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks," is both false and unjust. Old people can learn. Dr. E. J. Slight's has stated in connection with the old-age-trick-wards "In order to teach the old dog new tricks, it is necessary to know more than the dog." Older people frequently know more than the "teacher" and cannot be taught things they do not completely accept.

The fear of loneliness outweighs the fear of death in many old people. This is a difficult problem and can only be solved with kindness and a loving heart. If old people can live with their children without tension and with perfect adjustment, the better for everyone. This is not possible in all cases; it depends on the personalities of both old and young. Some older people are happier when surrounded by people of the same age. But you cannot generalize. Each case needs its own individual solution.

But one thing is certain: let older people work if they want to work. For many people work is life itself; they stay young and healthy as long as they work. For some time it was fashionable to recommend a man to retire at the age of 61. This may still have a sociologic basis to make room for younger people, but there is surely no preventive medical reason to recommend it generally to people advanced in years.

All our lives we work—from the time we go to school. It is a natural event of life. Our bodies, and brains, become attuned to one-to exercise—and the continuance of that activity keeps the working parts in order—called as the wheels of a watch or a car.

If we own a car or a watch and we do not keep it running in good order, it will degenerate. The body works on the same principle. All people who have lived to great ages have been hard-working and continue their activities until they are well past the retiring age.

The solution seems to be to raise the retiring limit. Instead of sending a man when he reaches 65, give him an efficiency and a health test. If he is still healthy and proficient

at 65, let him continue in his job.

Sport is an essential in life, because it maintains good physical condition, and because it is a relaxation from everyday work. Sport men realize that are not usually used in everyday work.

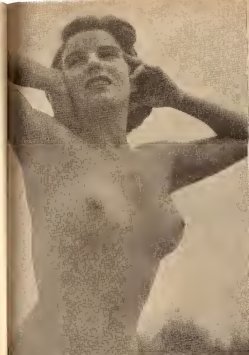
Naturally, as a man grows older, he cannot indulge in the strenuous sport of his youth. Then it is that he should adjust his sporting activities to suit his age. As he gets older he can no longer take part in strenuous pastimes. But he can take up other sports.

Bowls is one sport suitable for all ages. Old men of ninety have and do compete in this sport. Swimming is another sport suitable to all ages.

If you have been dismissed from your employment, do not treat the situation as the end of the world. Do some work for yourself, even if it is only gardening in your own home. Perhaps you can make furniture, if you are inclined in that direction. If you are literary minded, write short stories or novels. Employ yourself to an eight-hour day. And prevent boredom with sport.

Gerontologists (those who study aging in all its aspects) and geriatrists (those who treat the illnesses of older people) have been struck by the fact that very active and successful men who retired at 65 in apparent good health, but without the will for retirement, do not live out the years allotted to them in life insurance tables. Men at 65, however, who never stop working, seem to approach more closely their normal life expectancy at age 65. That means they may, on the average, live twelve more years.

Let the older people work. It keeps them healthy and adds years to their lives.





she keeps on singing



RAY MITCHELL

Around the world, Irma Sack, the greatest living coloratura soprano, has collected music lovers who hail her as unforgettable

THIS South African contralto was picked to hear the voice of one of the greatest singers in the world—German coloratura Irma Sack. The audience sat hushed only her lovely voice, but the singer, standing on the stage, could hear the steady foot-steps behind her.

Without breaking the song, she moved slowly until she could see the source of the foot-steps, a great hall-dog had crept slowly onto the stage. Keeping it in the corner of her eye she sang to the conclusion of the number.

There was a rattle on stage hands tried to get the dog away without attracting attention and disturbing the scene, but the animal resisted all efforts to go quietly, and curled up alongside the piano.

Irma Sack continued her song. As she went through a coloratura aria the dog's ears went up and he became attentive. She went on to sing a lullaby—and the dog went to sleep with his head on his paws.

Nobody ever discovered who owned

the animal, where it came from, or where it went when, with the bell of the curtain, it vanished away as peacefully as it had entered. It was just one of the strange things in the life of a concert artist.

Irma Sack is not quite to be dismissed as "fanciest artist." Her voice is the most remarkable on the stage today, with the amazing range of five octaves. She can take and hold the C above high C—yet for years in her early singing days, her range of voice was so small, she was classed as a mezzo-soprano.

That voice, which has provoked the loudest and longest burst of applause ever heard at London's Covent Garden, has earned her the title of the "German Nightingale," the "European Nightingale." Today she is called "The World's Nightingale." No woman has been honored with that designation since the fabulous Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale who made a fortune for curtain-raiser Bertoni by singing sweet classical music throughout America.

During the last war, while Allied bombs crashed on Germany, Irma did the job for her country which singers and musicians all over the world did—she sang against the bomb systems to German audiences, and they remained spellbound in their seats while the raids went on. There were times when bombs were falling so close to the theater that her songs were interrupted while the audience went to shelter, but they returned after the "all clear" to hear her sing her songs.

During the war she also sang in Sweden and Switzerland, and devoted her voice to raising funds for the aid of undernourished children. Irma Sack is always ready to sing for charity because when she takes the stage, the dissatisfied blonde German isn't interested in the box office, but in the singing. With her, since early childhood, this has been a passion.

Proving that music is bigger than race or politics, Irma sang her way into the hearts of the American occupying forces in Germany before the last Sack was told. She has sung her way around the world, and her gramophone discs are always in demand.

Her best-selling disc is "Voice of Spring" by Johann Strauss, the younger. This is one of her favorites, although she would prefer some of her operatic records, such as "The Voice from the Desert" or "The Voice from the Desert" by Strauss, or the "Mad Scene" from "L'Espresso" by Donizetti. But each of her dozens of recordings is eagerly snapped up by her millions of fans throughout the world.

Thousands of people in all walks of life have written to her.

From Hungary she received a letter from a husband: "Please come

and sing for us again," he wrote. "I have a staminal. If you come to Hungary please come on my staminal and I will show you the night."

In South Africa a young Negroes presented herself at the stage door and insisted on speaking to the soprano. Madame Sack saw her. "I like your singing here," the Negroes said. "Please take this, I made it myself." She thrust a parcel into the singer's hands and ran out of the dressing-room. Inside the parcel was a pair of bed-sheets. A horrible tribute from the Negroes.

In London she sang in a Richard Strauss opera which was conducted by the composer himself. She was on the stage for 18 minutes without a break and brought down the house. The audience refused to let her leave the stage at the end of the performance.

In Canada in 1943 she gave fifteen concerts in two months, and the liking between her and Montreal was mutual and immediate. She bought a home there and has lived there ever since.

But that did not stop her coming to Australia for a series of concerts. Yet, for all her fame throughout the world, she arrived in Australia practically unknown, except to the few opera and concert lovers who had done of her work. She had come with Joseph Schmidt and a child to take Australian audiences long to reduce reply.

They saw a little girl, slightly over five feet in height, something under eight stone in weight, with dark, wavy hair, a good figure, natural blonde hair, and clear, without the expected sin and grace which traditionally go with a prima donna.

Her coloratura shows pure evidence supreme musical thrill, her know-

TO the dismay of the staff of an exclusive restaurant, a customer sat down at a table and deftly fed the whole nation around his neck. There was a whispered confidence in which the manager instructed the waiter not to hurt the customer's feelings, but to make him understand, somehow, that it simply was not done. The waiter approached the customer and smiled: "Shove or hiccup, sir?"

prods, twinkling songs were a happy delight. And the sudden switching to hymns changed the audience's mood from party to emotion in a twinkling. He was on the full power of range and tone, and she brought brilliance to every note.

She opened her Sydney season with a cold, which may be one reason why an Australian critic criticized her interpretation of Schubert. "Who knows more about Schubert—a critic in Australia or a musician from Schubert's own country?" asked husband Herman. He added, "We lived through Berlin, we can live through the critic of Sydney."

But the reception given Erna Beck, with this single exception, was an immediate recognition of the talent which has raised her to the top everywhere else in the world. Her musical ideas say that nobody in the world can match her today as a coloratura soprano.

Born in the Spanish district of Berlin as Erna Waken, this singer

is perhaps unique in that when she changed she chose to change her professional career under her married name, while most artists retain their maiden name, or a stage name. This she did, she says, in compliment to her husband.

She was born of musical parents, had two excellent teachers for brothers, and first sang publicly at the age of nine with a church choir. At 14, determined on a singing career, she worked as a typist to save tuition fees, and studied singing in Prague.

She had her first professional engagements when famous conductor Bruno Welter engaged her as a beginner, and she appeared for a year as small roles in opera. Then she worked at Wuppertal for two years, as a mezzo soprano, and when she transferred to the Dresden State Opera House she was considered a lyric soprano.

It was here that she had her first starring role as Morio in "Don Quixote," and during one of her acts lifted her voice up and up, experimentally, until she levelled off at the C above high C, to the amazement of everybody, including herself.

Her ability with high notes led to a newspaper reporting that her voice could cause vibrations to crack a glass, but that she doesn't.

"I have never seen it done; I have never heard an authentic report of its being done," says her husband, referring to the recurrent legend that the human voice can, at a high enough pitch, crack a glass.

At Dresden Erna Beck was prime soprano in eleven operas in twelve months. And married to Herman Beck: "It was not altogether my voice," Herman liked me, too," she said.

"Told you? I loved you from the

start," Herman said. Both are tremendously proud of their happy marriage—and of their prowess in the kitchen, where each avows that the other is the better cook.

It was after she had made her first recordings in Dresden in 1914 that Erna Beck realized that she could not divide her time between opera and concert platforms, and had to make a choice. She chose the latter, and named Concerts, Berlin, Mozart and Beethoven as her favorite operatic companies, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Johann Strauss as her concert favorites.

It was as a concert artist that she toured Europe and laid the foundations for her fame, and since the war it is as a concert artist that she has

found a ready listening audience in every continent, and in many countries of the European world.

If there has been any delay in the universal recognition Erna Beck has received for the quality of her singing, it is because just as she was achieving great maturity her career was limited by the outbreak of war, and it was a long time from then before she could begin those concert tours which have conquered the world, at last, with the quality of her voice.

She returned from Australia to Montreal, and undoubtedly from there to other cities, after London, other concerts. She is the greatest experience in the singing world since the proverbial Jenny Lind.



The Woodland Sylph



Ballet girls practice for hours each day for years in order to perpetuate their art on the stage. In practice they dress at home—in the bedroom—then, with other members of the ballet, in rehearsal at the theatre. This blonde ballerina wanted to capture the right atmosphere for a woodland scene, so she drove to the country. Here she is changing into ballet costume.

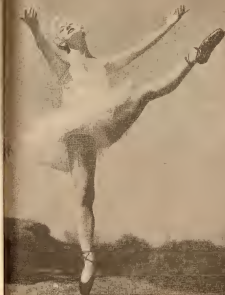
Into the ballerina skin and on with the shoes. Our blonde will soon be ready. There are so many ballets, each requiring different realisms, that there is constant need to rehearse each ballet until the girls know the parts thoroughly. "The Sleeping Beauty," "Swan Lake," "Giselle," "La Boutique Fantasque," "Sylvia," "Suite Perlelone," "Capriccio Italien," and many others were late the repertoire of the ballet dancers.



The joyful feeling of freedom and the knowledge that she has conquered the difficulties of her role, bring the artistic expression to the feet of our heroine. Ballet girls are deep and dream ballet. If you think this is easy, you are wrong. It is ballet hard. Audiences are at least as two of glorious dancing—one hour, which is the substance of years of learning.



High stepping by the ballet dancer has not the same meaning as high stepping by young blades around town. Ballet dancers must start learning their art as toddlers. Dancing on the toes, high kicking, graceful movements of arms, legs and trunk can only be maintained through constant exercise. They must lead an athlete's life of rigid training and self-discipline if the most glorious of late nights and parties. Ballet dancers are always fit.



hold your pose, KILLER!

THEODORE PINE • FICTION



When a homicide corpse thumped off Clyde, he was modelling for a murder dash, his art savvy enabled him to name the killer.

AFTER his History of Painting class, Clyde Remmer went to the library and grunted silently over a big art book. What the hell, he grumbled. He should care whether Leonardo Da Vinci had painted Mona Lisa on September 9th! A fellow who has gone through three years of G.I. rations and hell in three war theaters isn't apt to be wild about art theory! All he wants is a practical education that'll guarantee him a decent living to be an

ask that Mao-eyed girl back home to marry him. What's he want with all this?

Six o'clock. Remmer stopped the book short and stood up, yawning. He was small and wary. His hair was reddish brown and curly. His eyebrows were darker than his hair, and his eyes were new a stormy blue colour. He had a long, straight chin with a dimple in it that was sometimes misinterpreted. All in all, he wasn't a bad-looking guy.

On the white library steps he lit a smoke, then glibbed toward his cheap room, not too far from the campus. He dropped in at Fat Joe's Spaghetti Palace for dinner.

Fat Joe gave him a big grin. "Spaghetti and meatballs coming up, Remmer?" he chorled.

Clyde Remmer nodded slowly. "And a bottle of beer. And say, Joe, You might as easy as that waitress stuff I'm master now, eh?"

"Sure, sure." Fat Joe's chum wobbled vociferously as he dabbed up the dripping shov. Watching Remmer's gleamy look, as he cracked open the art textbook, Joe added thoughtfully, "Where's matter? No feel so good? Too much study, eh?"

Remmer nodded blankly. "Too much art, hey, Joe, it sure here that Prussian blue was discovered in 1764 by a guy named Diebstach, in Berlin. It is a complex compound of iron and cyanogen. And cyanogen is composed about, male?"

Fat Joe looked quizzical. "Those artst. Great guys, no?"

Clyde Remmer winced. "Not for my two-bits, Joe. I want to be an industrial engineer. Can you tell me why in the name of seven o'clock isn't I have to learn how to mix Prussian blue?"

This G.I. Bill of Rights was great. Sure it was. It was giving him a chance he'd have never met any other way. He wanted a shakedown from this college. It would mean a lot. But why did the college staff figure a guy needed to learn a lot of dip, ancient stuff like this for? It best hell out of him.

He paused out his beer in Fat Joe's neighborhood bar. Fat Joe stretched his chubby lips. He looked uncertain. "Maybe—maybe all that will come in handy sometime. No?"

"No?" Remmer grinned and dove in.

to his chow in unappreciated silence. He still had that feeling of frustration when he finished his meagre meal. Art? When am I going to do some practical art, he growled to himself.

He passed over a dollar to Fat Joe, recovered his change and walked out.

He turned the corner and walked up the steps to the place he called home—only a temporary home, he hoped.

His freckle-bearded landlady met him at the door. She was lanky and black-haired. She had a mind like a suspicious alley cat. The alarm in her yellow feline eyes told Remmer she was about to dig her hooks into him about something. Maybe she'd found that pint of Old Blunder where he hid it behind the flowerpot, in one of under beds.

Room's weren't easy to come by in L.A. these days. Even that doughy utility-hole overlooking a mass of backyards filled with rag-picking kids and scraggling cats was worth its weight in butter.

"Master Remmer?" Mrs. Grammont screwed up her tight mouth like she had been sucking lemon all day. "It it's that bourbon?" Remmer said, "I got it in case I caught the sleeping under those gummy-sucks you call blunder."

She gasped. "Master Remmer, there's a girl in your room?" She talked like a girl was something you sprayed DDT on.

He poked up. "But now I've had today," he told her. "Where'd she drop from?"

"That," asked Mrs. Grammont, "is just what I'm asking you! She didn't come in the front door, I know that much I know because I was expecting the ice man, and—"

Clyde was spinning up the stairs. "Blunder, I hope?" he cut in.

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"I never saw much of her, just through the back window. You, She is blonde. Dyed, of course."

Clyde Rosner grinned down the stairs well at her. "She sounds okay by me. I go for blondes!"

He stepped brusquely down the empty hall, and knocked his key in his door. Yeah. She was there all right, huddled in his desk chair by the window. The window was open, and the wind was blowing her silky long hair.

"Well, this is quite a—" She brightened from when he noticed how peculiar and staidly her pretty face was. She didn't move, either. Blonde dyed, of course. Only Rosner would have spotted it D-1-B-G.

He took a deep breath, then moved across the room. She was a honey. Even wrapped in a loose smock as she was, it was easy to see she had a shape in a million. Properly touching her hand, the rebel boomed Rosner saw she was dressed in a close-fitting belting suit that was vividly green and red, and looked like a sewing. One hand was tightly clenched.

As he bent over her he noticed a faint and pungent odor. It wasn't perfume. It was Scotch, Scotch and something else. Something that reminded him of—yeah—of powder. It meant something to him. Cigarettes.

That meant something else to him. When he saw the blue cigarette across the top of her long tapering fingers it clicked. Blue. Fountain Blue.

The clump of her knobby little feet down the hall made him move. She was coming in. It wouldn't do.

The girl was dead. He didn't figure it as suicide. There wasn't any bottle in her hand. There wasn't any chair to who she was, nothing at all in her one little pocket. It looked bad. A hot-number blonde found dead in

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OVER** is a remarkable TRUE
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issue of the

NEW detective magazine

MASTER DETECTIVE

his room. Clyde Hunter was no plas-
ter saint. He knew what the cops
would think.

He went to the door and looked it.
Who was she? How did she get
here? Most of all—why? Why his
room?

He went to the window. It was wide
open. The wind was howling and
singing at the ray trails that leaped
down the shagred wall into the
backyard. It was dark, soggy. He
shivered.

Across from him out there, a shat-
ter slipped momentarily against a
wall. He could see a speck of light
on the top of the old carriage house be-
yond the lateral fence spanning the
night wind. It was over there the
shutter slipped. By that big window
of the distant carriage house's up-
stairs studio.

Smiles?

What was it, Mrs. Grunwald had
loved him with when he first took
this room, still as uniform? Strigh-
tforward going, in which he was
not so all interested. Now, as he
heard Mrs. Grunwald peered on her
door and call his name, it whipped
back to him. The man who rented
the Zeiler's carriage house studio.

He's an artist, and you know what
artists are. Rudolph Frey. He's the
one who paints all these half-naked
women in the men's magazines.

An artist! Prussian like. They
marched.

Before he could swing a leg over
the sill Mrs. Grunwald had poked his
key out and twisted her stern to the
lock. She was in. She stared at the
dead girl, as Hunter removed some-
thing from the bed.

"You've killed her?" she shrieked.
"Yes," he told her, "see trying as
hell!"

Before she could shriek again, Nec-

tar was out and climbing down the
ladder. He headed straight for the
board fence. The wind whistled
around the top of the high incense-
tar behind it he found a wide loose
board. He slipped through and
pushed it back in place behind him.
Masses of yellowish grass, dry over-
seeded the stairs that led to the door
popping out from the stoole door.

In seconds he was pounding on
that door. But it was dark timber.
Nobody home. To his surprise the
door yielded.

He was in, stepping on a light as
his dagger brushed the wall. It was
a big room, greatly decorated. In
one corner was a sustained-off in-
chance. The dark dress was covered
all with bottles, Scotch bottles with
expensive labels. In the opposite cor-
ner was a still shower.

There were pictures everywhere. He
recognized the artist from Mieser.
Gris Mieser. Although they were
in many different poses and costumes,
all of them had the dead girl's face
and figure. But the picture that de-
scribed him most was the unlashed
eye on the big standing easel. It was
different from all the others. Where
in them the unknown blonde made
with chocolate and smiled like a
beetle on a, in this one she was
long huddled on the floor. She was
dead.

The weirdest part of it all was the
gaze in the picture. You couldn't see
his face. He was looking away from
her, looking obviously just put her
out of business. The back of the
man's head was very familiar.

Hunter's only tightened when he
thought just where he'd seen that

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only obedient henchman. It was when he went to the barber. You know. When the barber is finished with you, and holds up a mirror to show you what kind of a job he has done.

The man in the picture was Renner!

That was wonderful! That was the better edge!

Renner shook his head greedily. He heaved a lump up close, stared hard at the man in the picture. The figure in the painting had a smile just a little to the left side above the collar of the brown tweed coat he was wearing.

Renner's, model! Renner's brown tweed coat!

A sound at the studio door made him spin. A short fatish man stepped through, now fure, and blinked. Renner recognized Remington Frye from his pictures in *Woman*, the gentleman's magazine. Only Frye wasn't being a gentleman right now. He was holding an automatic revolver pointed at Renner's head.

"Barker early for this sort of night work, eh?" he said, in a thick, English-accented voice.

"What sort of night work?" Clyde asked.

"Burglary. Second-story work, I believe it is called."

Clyde grinned. "You got me all wrong, pal." His muscles twitched under his coat as, still grinning, he moved closer to the artist.

"Just stand where you are," Frye ordered. "And oblige me by putting your hands up. Wey up."

Clyde Renner smiled as he obeyed. So Remington Frye had killed his model. He had even put it down on cinema film, including the man he planned to take the rap for it. The bigger picture was a gag, of course. What could be sweeter than dropping down the suspected killer on a screen? Dead suspects can't do much to defend themselves.

Renner decided to play for time. "You pointed that picture?" he queried.

Frye smiled. "Your idea was to catch the Model's number on me, I suppose. But it's sorry. You don't think the cops will fall for it, do you?"

Frye's light eyebrows went up. "Murder?"

Renner grinned wryly. "You don't know a damn thing about it, of course! You don't even know your favorite model was bumped off with Scotch and cyanide, much less how she got over in my room!"

Frye put on a good act. He looked genuinely surprised. "Christmas-murdered?"

But he overplayed his part. When the gun dropped briefly, Renner took a chance. His wild lungs carried him across the room as Frye before he could shoot.

Renner put his one-two to work.

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It didn't last long. Frye was left as much. A left-out tent-like morning in the desert. Renner appeared the sun, pushed the artist up by his coat front, then dropped him in a hot chair. Frye slumped there, moaning.

The co-soldier hung over him (Frye). "Amateur?" he asked. "You didn't even have the safety released." He lay curled "No wonder you picked paint!"

Frye made a moaning protest. When he tried to get up, Renner shoved him back in the chair. "Before I call the cops," he said, "you're going to answer a few questions. And you'd better make it good!"

"What do you want to know?" Frye quivered. He looked like he might level any minute.

"Start at the beginning. You're a high-class artist. You no doubt pull down a fancy income with these Miami gardens. This blonde who was killed was your pet model. Her name was Christine. Besides being your model, she was—well?"

Frye's eyes widened. "No! You've all wrong if you think—I'm married!"

"No!"

"Christine was married too! She was violently in love with her husband. His name is Dwight Foley. He's smooth, handsome as they come. But strictly a heel. He's been living off her for years, spending all her money and wanting more. But Christine was the high-hearted woman I have ever known. She wouldn't listen to a word against him."

Renner nodded. Frye looked very anxious to convince him. Too anxious, maybe. "All right," Renner conceded. "Suppose we skip that stuff. Christine was your model and that's all. And you aren't a big bad wolf?"

Frye smiled slowly. "Do I look like

one? It so happens I love my wife. Furthermore, I don't know what this is all about. I had no idea Christine was dead. I'm very unhappy about it. I carry a little revolver. When I saw a light in here, I naturally suspected burglary. Who are you, say-ways?"

Clyde told him succinctly. His mood was buoy. This could be as the level. Then there was Christine's husband. What about him?

Renner's eyes roved the room. There were several other things he had unconsciously noticed while he was busy about seeing himself in that picture. The picture itself had a corner at the bottom. It was blue there, Prussian blue. That, Renner decided, was where Christine got the paint on her fingers.

On Frye's artist's bench were rows of bottles and cans and powders. Renner picked up one. It read, Cyanogen. What he had read in that history of art book filtered into his mind.

Cyanogen is composed of carbon united with nitrogen, and is known to constitute one of the most powerful poisons . . .

Good artists often mix their own colors. Renner had grided his way through several lessons on art chemistry. Some of what he learned had stuck. He thought of Fat Joe Pinzotti and grinned.

On the bench he noticed something else. A cocktail glass, half full. He snatched it. Peachy. Then, then, was what Christine had drunk. He snatched. Why didn't the killer let the cops think it was snatched? Wouldn't that have been the smart thing to do? Let them think she was disappointed about her crooked husband or something.

He noticed the telephone at his elbow. Lifted the receiver. It was—

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dead. The killer was very thorough. All this added up to one thing: Except that Christina's body was found in his room across the yard, everything pointed to Kensington Frye as her murderer. It pointed so definitely at Frye that—

His thought processes continued when he noticed something else. In the far corner by the wall's stand. The intricate curtain was fluttering. Why? Must be for one reason only. Someone had opened the studio door and stepped quickly in.

Before Hanson could turn a dark figure sprang on him. He caught a blurred glimpse of a handsome, muscular man. Then he was flung back head against the bench. For a few seconds everything faded, distorted and averted.

He panicked and leaped, but a stinging lady across the chest stopped him down again. He shut his eyes, shaking his head wearily.

Then he looked up to see a tall man in an overcoat pointing Frye's gun at him. He was road-looking all right, but there was a twist to his sinister lips and a glint to his chocolate brown eyes that made Clyde Benson's stomach crawl. How he hated that certain type!

Benson lost his head. With a growl, he leaped. So sudden was his attack that the city detective shot high. The bullet struck Benson's ear. Top. Then he was on the murderer, clapping with all he had. It made him happy to feel the impact of his hand for clapping that pink, cadaverous-looking jaw.

The stranger lost his gun, but he kept him up a clever defense. And his body gave him an edge. But Clyde's blind fury made up for it. He went one-two running on the handsome man until the stranger yelped for Frye to get the gun for

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had dropped when Banner attacked. Frye made no move. But then, from a doorway, a cold, strained voice said harshly, "That will be enough!"

A winning bullet across Clyde's cheek answered that request. The big man stumbled back, and Banner saw the woman. She was tall, stern-looking; her black hair was coiled into a halo. But there wasn't much that was angelic about the set of her lips and the icy gleam in her black eyes.

She looked about thirty; Clyde guessed they would be close. She held a miniature pearl-handled revolver, and had already demonstrated her ability to use it.

Looking at the big, handsome stranger, and then back at her, Clyde found things converging in his cranium. Now, he thought, he knew who killed Christine, and who. As for the other questions remaining at his brain, they'd clear themselves up in due time.

"Listen, Frye," Banner found himself speaking at the pecky little man in the chair. "I know who killed your model!"

Frye stiffened.

"Go on," the dark lady said. "We'd like to know who it was."

"The killer got the idea from that picture you were making, the idea that Christine was killed in your studio, you would take the rap. It was a natural. Artists know their drawbacks, they know potashum ex-

trude and how to mix it.

"Sure you could tell the cops there was nothing between you and Christine. But who would believe you, especially if somebody who was directly concerned swore there was? Me, I believe you. Because I was caught in very much the same position as you were intended to be, with a pretty blonde corpse on my hands!"

The handsome stranger stared at him with doubled fists. The dark lady said, "No, Dought." He fell back. "Why not?"

"Let him finish, first."

Clyde Banner snarled in a deep breath, went on: "Christine was positioned here in this room. The killer cut the telephone wires, so she couldn't call for help. The killer left her here for dead. Not being an expert on drawbacks, the killer's dose wasn't quite right. Christine came out of it."

"She knew she was dying. Maybe her mind was working properly. She stumbled down the steps, into the yard next door, through the kitchen door of Mrs. Grammett's rooming house, and up to my room. Sounds like, huh?"

"I don't I can tell you why she did that," Frye said, his voice soft and strained. "Christine and I had seen you often through your window. Ever since you moved there."

"Christine liked you. She called you her boy friend, even though she knew

she would never meet you. She always said you were the kind of young fellow she ought to have married. She realized that. And she said you were a real soldier, and would be a good guy to have around in case of trouble. I think, without knowing it, or really knowing you, Christine was in love with you."

Clyde swallowed hard. He felt a funny twinge inside, remembered Christine's pathetic, twisted face.

"Yeah," he said thickly. "That's why she was there. She thought if she told going to, she might pass out. Anyway, the idea was to bewitch you. Get rid of you. Get rid of her, too, and get your money." Dought Boley whistled on her. "Why you stupid tin addlers! What do you mean by suggesting that—?"

The dark lady stopped him with a gesture. "No, Dought. He's too late. They've hit it. We'll have to get rid of them both. Make it look like they shot each other."

Frye got up from his chair now. His hands shook. His face was very pale. He stared at the big man with twisted lips. "So it was real? You killed your wife, and then—?"

"That up?" Boley screamed.

He grabbed up the gun on the floor and started blowing. A slug hit Frye's shoulder. He crumpled.

The drummer was all Clyde needed. He stood in the hall of fire. He got pointed the gun back before Boley could aim Frye again. Banner pushed the big room between him and the dark lady's smiling revolver.

He reemerged bloody-rumpled, afraid to stir close for fear of hitting Boley, as they grappled for that gun. Boley landed a smash of the gun-butt across Banner's chest before he dropped it. Pain washed through him viciously. Tasting his own blood, Banner liked

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up hidden reserves of hate-driven muscle and plucked the big guy over Frye's chair, where he went to work on his guilty face.

He forgot the dark lady, but it didn't matter. About that time the door creaked in and the studio was alive with cops investigating the killing next door, the studio had brought them running.

The dark lady spun round at him until they dragged her screaming from the room. Renner went over to Frye, who was getting first-aid for that slap to the shoulder.

"She's a good woman, honest. It's that sweetie talk Dwight Reley handed her," Frye insisted whistly. "He worked poor Christine until he figured out a better angle. Me! He decided to cash in on my money through my wife, as you said."

Renner hated to do it, but he set his lips and said, "Dorcy, travel. But it wasn't Reley who poisoned Christine. He's the kind who gets his women to do his work, including dirty work. Poisons is a woman's weapon. I know she did it the minute she stepped in the room."

Frye groaned. "But are you sure?"

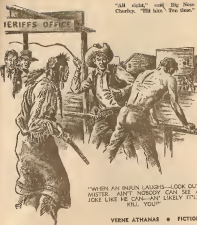
"About that picture with me in it," Renner evaded. "I got it now. It was a gag. You could see me over across the way, by my open window. My back was towards you. You used me for your killer model."

Frye nodded miserably. "Yeah. That's right. But about Eva! Are you sure she killed Christine?"

Clyde Renner's fingers slid into his pocket and brought out something he'd forget to give the cops, but which, he guessed, would be Exhibit A in a murder trial before long.

"I found that circled in Christine's hand," he told Frye.

It was a lady's hairpin, and it was black.



"All right," said Big Nose Charley. "But here's one clue."

"WHEN AN INJUN LAUGHS—LOOK OUT MISTER. AIN'T NOBODY CAN SEE A JOKE LIKE HE CAN—AN' LIKELY IT'LL KILL YOU!"

VERNE ATHANAS • FICTION

My Brother, Smile

I HEARD Big Nose Charley side in —and that was about all the tip-off I needed. A little shaver went slaving up my back-bone like the first time I ever heard the drums at a Shoo-on-wooly dance. I don't know for sure what I had in mind, except maybe I wanted to stop it if I could, but I was too far away, and someone kept me from wapping out.

You see, Big Nose Charley was all doped up on his best hit and tucker

CALF LOYS

She sighed as she pulled off
a glove;

He was fugitive, that
former lad,

She worried soft words of love,
But his character made
her mad.

"You farmers are all the
same," she said,

"Cattle, not girls, are your
glory."

"I'll sue you when a cow you
wed—"

But that is an older story

RAY - ME

called me—Little Rag Man. You see,
my woman's a Shoshone, and me and
the boys are along here. Out along
pretty good with everybody, far as
that goes, even when it calls me
square men. Guess I got a couple
advantages—being about twice as old
as most of these Johnny-come-lates,
I can remember when that whole
blasted townsite wasn't nothing but
alk pastures, besides which I never
saw the day when I weighed more
than a hundred and thirty pounds
wet and a inch in each pocket. A
little more ain't made of a target even
for a bully—and even with gray
whiskers, I'm still younger enough to
make most of 'em think twice.

But Charley never even looked at
me once. He said, "Little Rag Man,
you got New Elk and Big Point."
That brought me up sharp and I got
a cold feeling in my stomach.

I asked me Shoshone, "What do you
want with them, Walking Bear?"

Still he didn't look at me. "I ask
you as my brother," he said back in
Shoshone.

I looked at Sam. "He wants me to
get Medicine and Brannigan," I said.
"What do you think?"

I told Sam just as responsible as
anybody, and I guess he got a little
of it from my tone. He looked at
Big Nose Charley, and he swallowed
a couple times and then he said in
a husky voice, "Maybe you'd better
go fetch 'em, Anse."

So I went down to the Stockman's
East and rented out Harley Medicine
and Chappie Brannigan. I never told
them no lie. "Word!" wants you up
to his office," I said, and they grunted
and headed up that way. I wasn't
sure I wanted to see the rest of that,
but I tagged along. You know how
it is—some things you don't want to
see, but you can't stand not finding
out how it all came out.

Guess, you see, Big Nose Charley
had reason enough to hate the pair
of those two in hell and back, and
mind you, Charley was all right—
and he broadcast Agency Indian at
that. Charley could remember when
there was all his country.

Rag never changed. The Shoshone
was all headed onto the reservation,
and me, I switched a living out of
a little sheep ranch. And Big Nose
Charley was a kind of a rebel. He
got tired of being the agent if he
could go hunting, and he chased on
the starved herd they killed out over
there, so he just moved out, him and
his woman, and throwed up a little
shack in Brinkbone Creek, and
Charley done a little hunting and a
little trapping and a little horse-
breaking—wonderful rider, Charley—
and he got by that.

Most people think an Indian is a
poker-faced critter with a warbonnet,



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hurt made it worse, but he brought blood every look, and Marlowe was on his knees when it ended.

Big Nose Charley sneered again, and held out his hand. And Marlowe walked up and laid the quart in his hand.

Marlowe broke first. He looked down, and then he wheeled away, walking like a blind man, got a hand under Marlowe's arm and hauled him up, and they went down the street together, never looking back.

Charley turned his eyes onto Sam Galt and his deputy, and they were the wicked looking pair I ever want to see.

They stopped back and let Sam by. I don't think they really started breathing again 'til he was twenty feet past.

I followed him. I had a hunch that when the numbness wore off, the town wasn't going to be no place for me. Charley stalked on down to his pony and swung up. I got my bag and caught him.

He never said a word. A mile went by, and then I said, "Charley, where are you going now? You'll never live through a night in your cabin."

He shrugged—and an Indian can write a whole book with just a twitch of his shoulders. He just didn't give a damn.

After a while he said in Shoshoni, "I am going to the Agency, Little Big Man." Then he started to laugh. He let out a whoop that shook my ears clear off the road.

I wasn't in no laughing mood. "What an hell are you laughing at?" You don't fool, they'll have your neck in a rope for that."

"No," he said. "Maybe they burn my shack, and raise dust, but I go to Agency. Warm. Cloudy place. I go to Agency, he said Shoshoni,

Agony wasn't let 'em take me." Then he doubled up on his saddle pad and bent on his thigh with his fist.

"Little Big Man," he choked out to Shoshoni, "did you see those two bladders of pride beat on one another for the ownership of the Shoshoni?" He laughed till his tears came.

I said, pretty sure, "Friend, you are a big trouble. You should know that you cannot hold men under a gun to make them beat one another. Besides you put the arm on the sheriff and his deputy, and he is the whole man's law. He will speak with a big tongue to the Agency."

"Yes," agreed Charley, waging the tops off his cheeks. He didn't sound a bit sad.

He sobered up a little, but the corners of his mouth still quivered.

"Little Big Man," said Big Nose Charley, "did I want the gun at home?"

"You didn't need it," I grunted.

"They've seen you shoot!" he choked. "Yes, but did I threaten them?" And I say I would not them, or shoot them?"

"No," I said slow, turning back. That set him off again. He whooped till I thought he was going to fill off his horse.

"These big brown white men!" he choked. "Like bladders they beat each other, and like bladders they make noise!" He tossed the Henry to me and wiped his eyes.

I broke the column, and then I got the whole beautiful joke. I brought the liver back and let the hammer down and caught! I knowed I'd never be able to keep this to myself. The whole country was going to hear about it and I wanted to see Sam's face and Marlowe's and Marlowe's, when they got the word. I couldn't stop laughing either, now, just thinking about it.

The Henry wasn't loaded.

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UICK UIPS

Flattery is like meat—to be swallowed, not swallowed. With that in mind we are avoiding flattery and are telling some hard truths about life in general—and, this month—about women in particular.

They say that men is the blinder. So he is—until she catches him. Then is the altar, where she applies the butter.

One man we know asked the pastor after the wedding ceremony "How much do I owe you?" The minister replied: "Whatever you think it's worth." So the groom handed over two bob. The pastor looked upon at the bride and gave the groom back 1/6.

Then across the honeymoon. The groom is so love happy that he lets his bride drag him up to the Blue Mountains, where they climb all the hills around the place, to say nothing of the 1,284 steps in the Giant Staircase. Usually the groom pays for such. One fellow we know left his bride at Echo Point. She was trying to get on the last road with the echo.

After the honeymoon the room-coloured places get cracked and then begins a cat and mouse game between husband and wife. It is then that the man should swear his au-

thority and married. He must prove that he is not a mouse. Trouble is if he is too domestic, his wife will beat a rat.

We know one chap who did not assert his authority. This man was so clever that he had spent half his life acquiring fluency in ten different languages. After marriage all this knowledge got him nowhere—he could not get on a word sideways.

Some men marry beauty. Others marry brains. Beauty can cause bother because she can be so dumb. Like one fellow's blonde spouse. She was introduced to an author "Oh," she smiled, "you and I have something in common. You write and I read."

This fellow was assisted by a friend who said to him: "Your wife is telling people you can't keep her in clothes." The harassed husband retorted: "I thought her a bore and I can't keep her in that either."

So don't marry beauty. Of course you may be lucky in getting another fellow to take her off your hands, but the risk is too great. As for marrying brains—a brainy wife won't be much argument. Leave her strictly for college professors—and remain single.

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